THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A² D² 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Beginning a New Serial

Despotism and Democracy

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS

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City or County or part of State preferred.....

The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*.....

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.....

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Name.....

Address.....

.....

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Despotism and Democracy

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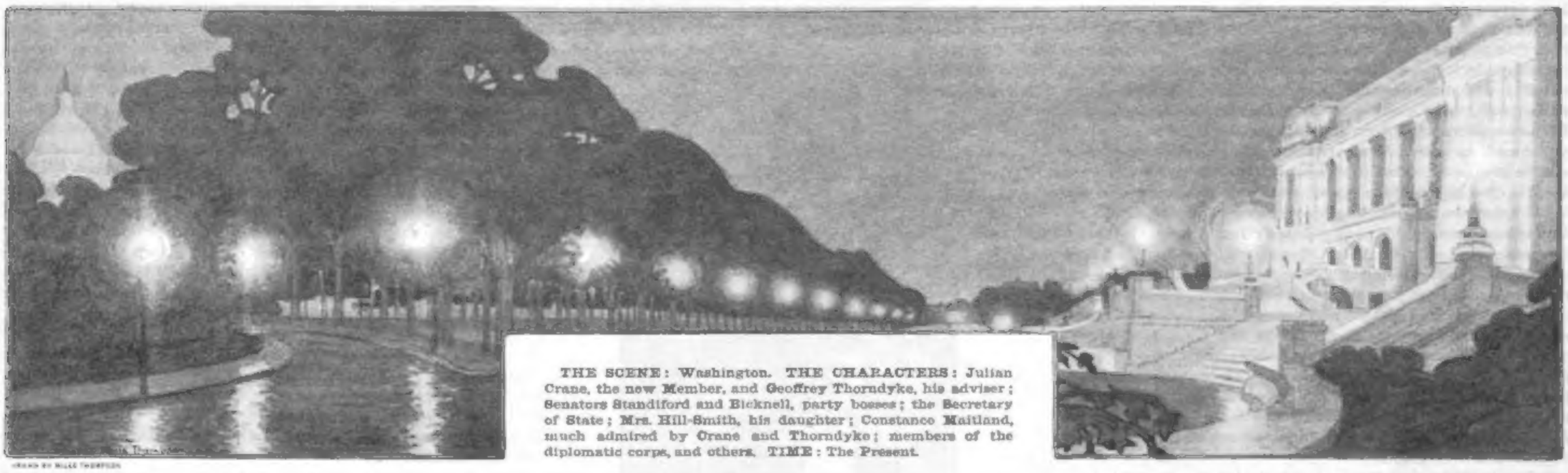


THE SCENE: Washington. THE CHARACTERS: Julian Crane, the new Member, and Geoffrey Thorndyke, his adviser; Senators Standiford and Bicknell, party bosses; the Secretary of State; Mrs. Hill-Smith, his daughter; Constance Maitland, much admired by Crane and Thorndyke; members of the diplomatic corps, and others. TIME: The Present.

CHAPTER I

CERTAIN aspects of Washington, both outward and inward, are like Paris. Especially is this true of the outward aspect on a wet night, when the circles of yellow-flaring gas lamps are reflected in the shining expanse of asphalt, when the keen-flashing electric lights blaze upon the white façades of great buildings, and the numerous groups of statuary against a black background of shrubbery, and when some convention or other brings crowds of people to swarm upon the usually dull streets. The Honorable Geoffrey Thorndyke, M. C., spoke of this Parisian resemblance to his friend, the Honorable Julian Crane, M. C., as they sat together on a warm, rainy April night in the bay window of Thorndyke's apartment. The rooms were lofty, wide and dark, according to the style of forty years ago, and overlooked one of those circular parks in Washington which fashion seemed only to have patronized briefly in order to desert permanently. But the rooms and the situation suited Thorndyke perfectly, and he had spent there all of the five terms of Congress which he had served. Thorndyke's remaining in that locality secretly surprised Crane, a man from the Middle West. He himself had an apartment in a modish hotel, which cost him more than he could afford and was not half so comfortable as Thorndyke's. But then Thorndyke was born to that which Crane was toilsomely achieving—for this vigorous product of the Middle West was sent into the world with enormous ambitions of all sorts, and not the least of these was social ambition. And combined with this social ambition was a primitive social enjoyment such as the Indian gets out of his powwows with unlimited tobacco and firewater. Crane, although bred on the prairie, cared nothing for fields and woods and the skies of night and the skies of morning. Men, women and their affairs alone interested him. Thorndyke, on the contrary, although town-bred, cared for the God-made things, and at that very moment was studying with interest the great tulip tree, dark and dank before his window. When he made the remark about Washington having sometimes a look of Paris, he added:

"And I expected to be in Paris at this very moment but for this"—here he interjected an impolite adjective—"extra session. However," he added good-humoredly, "I hardly expect you to agree with me, considering your late streak of luck—or rather, your well-deserved promotion, as I shall call it on the floor of the House."

Crane acknowledged this with a smile and a request for another cigar, if possible, not so bad as the last. He was tall and well made, and had a head and face like the bust of the young Augustus in the Vatican gallery. He was elaborately groomed, manicured and all, judging that time spent on beauty like his was not thrown away. In contrast to this classic beauty was Thorndyke—below, rather than above, the middle height, with scanty hair and light blue eyes, and who could not be called handsome by the mother that bore him. But when women were about, Geoffrey Thorndyke could always put the handsomest man in the room behind the door.

And he had a peculiarly soft and musical voice which made everything he said sound pleasant, even when he proceeded to make uncomfortable remarks about the late turn in national affairs which had sent Crane's fortunes upward with a bound.

"NO DAUGHTER OF THE CAESARS WAS EVER MORE CONSCIOUS OF THE GULF BETWEEN HER AND THE COMMON PEOPLE"

"For my part," he said, knocking the ash off his cigar, "I have lived long enough and read enough to know that such a stupendous opportunity as your party has now is generally fatal to that party before the next Presidential election. See—in the middle of a Presidential term—you carry the Congressional elections by a close shave. The new Congress is not expected to meet for thirteen months afterward. The Brazilian matter reaches an acute stage, and the President is forced to call an extra session in April instead of the regular meeting in December. Of course, the Brazilian matter will come out all right. Any party, at any time, in any civilized country, is capable of managing a foreign affair in which all the people think the same way. But when it comes to domestic affairs—my dear fellow, when the President saw how things were going and that he really could invite you to make fools of yourselves for the next fourteen months before the Presidential convention, it was beer and skittles to him."

Crane turned in his chair and sighed. The intricacies of national politics, the wheels within wheels, the way of putting out a pawn to be taken, puzzled and confused him. It had seemed to him the most unmixed political good to him when his party had secured control of the House at an international crisis. It could vote supplies with splendid profusion, it could shout for the flag, it could claim the credit for everything done, while the Senate and the Administration being in opposition, very little real responsibility attached to anything the House might leave undone. And when the man who was certain to be the caucus nominee for Speaker had sent for Crane at one o'clock in the morning and had offered him the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee to succeed Thorndyke, Crane had felt his cup of joy to be overflowing. Everything was in his favor. Without the least doubt about his powers, which were considerable, he had some diffidence on the score of experience—but Thorndyke, who would be the ranking member of the minority on the committee, would help him out, quietly and generously. In the midst of his elation Crane remembered that Thorndyke had not been wholly satisfied with the chairmanship of that great committee—and Thorndyke had been suffered to exercise a degree of power far greater than Crane felt would be permitted him. On most Congressional committees there are two or three men who have come into the world booted and spurred, while the remainder were born saddled and bridled. Thorndyke was one of those who got into the saddle early, and yet the saddle had not seemed to suit him. Crane spoke of this, and bluntly asked the reason.

"Because," replied Thorndyke coolly, "there was no more promotion for me—and I was made to accept it whether I wanted it or not. You see, although the Constitution guarantees every State a republican form of government, all the States don't have it. Mine hasn't, nor has yours. My boss, however, is a good deal more astute than your boss. Mine never lets any man have what he wants. Unluckily, when I was a Congressional tenderfoot I wanted the earth and the fullness thereof, and I worked for it as well as I knew how. When the next nominating convention was held I was left out in the cold world. I waited two years. Then, being still green, with all the courage of inexperience, I went to my boss. I said to him that I wished to get back in public life, and to stay there—and he said——"

Thorndyke paused and blushed a little.

"Out with it," said Crane encouragingly.

"My boss has some extraordinary virtues—all real bosses have—among them a very engaging frankness. He said, without beating about the bush a moment, that it wasn't his policy to promote men who might—who might one day get a little too big for him. That was about what he said. He told me if I would be satisfied with a seat in Congress and the chairmanship of a good committee, I could have it as long as I kept out of State politics, and didn't make myself offensively prominent at national conventions. Then he proceeded to advise me as Cardinal Wolsey advised Thomas Cromwell. He charged me to fling away ambition, and reminded me that by that sin the angels fell, and likewise a number of very imprudent young politicians—I don't use the word statesman any more—all over the State. I squirmed, and the old fellow grinned and told me if at any time I hankered after a foreign mission I could get it. I thanked him and told him I had no fancy to be buried until I was dead, and at last we compromised on his first proposition. I like the life—God knows why. The salary is enough for me to live on and support an invalid sister—all I have in the world. I have sense enough to see that I am better off than if I gave a loose rein to my ambition and was forever chasing rainbows. A man without fortune, who lives upon the hopes of an office which will beggar him if he gets it——"

"That's it!" cried Crane, suddenly interrupting, his eyes lighting up with anxiety. "That's it, Thorndyke. I know all about it. I'll tell you the whole story—the story I never even told my wife——"

There is something touching and appealing when a man lays bare his wounds and bruises. Thorndyke, without saying a word, gave a look, a slight movement of the head that brought out Crane's story. He told it readily enough—he had the mobile mouth and quick imagination of the orator, and he was always eloquent when talking about himself.

"You see, when I got the nomination to Congress it was that or bankruptcy. For two months before the convention was held I'd walk the floor half the night, and the other half I'd pretend to be asleep, to keep my wife from breaking her heart with anxiety. Annette is a good woman—too good for me. I had neglected my law practice for politics until I had no practice left, and then I was transported to Congress and Heaven and five thousand dollars a year. I determined to do two things—cut a wide swath in Washington and save one-third of my salary."

"Great fool—you," murmured Thorndyke sympathetically.

"But—I didn't know what a wide swath was. I didn't know anything about it. I came to Washington and brought my wife and the two children. We went to a boarding-house on Eleventh Street—you called to see us there."

"Yes—I remember thinking Mrs. Crane the prettiest, sweetest woman I had seen that season."

This was true, for Annette Crane had the beauty of form, of color, of sweetness and gentleness to an extraordinary degree. She was no Perdita—no one would have taken her for a princess stolen in infancy. But not Ruth in the harvest field was more natural, more sweetly graceful than this lady from Circleville, somewhere in the Middle West.

"Annette admired you tremendously," continued Crane, in the easy tone of a man who knows his wife is desperately in love with him, and thinks her fully justified. "She said it was kind of you to call. Like me, she thought we were going to do wonderful things—I believe she used to pray that our hearts might not be hardened by our social triumphs. Well, you know all about it. We were asked to the President's receptions, and my wife called on the Cabinet officers' families, and at the houses of the Senators and the Representatives from our own State. We were asked to dinner at our junior Senator's house. I thought it would be grand. It was, in a way—the old man is pretty well heeled—but it was exactly like one of those banquets a Chamber of Commerce gives to a distinguished citizen. Annette was the prettiest woman there—but she didn't wear a low-necked gown like the other women, and that embarrassed her. In the end she found out more things than I did. She said to me before the season was over:

"'Julian, it's not being rich that makes people in Washington. If it were we shouldn't mind not being in it. But there are plenty of people, like the Senator, who have the money and the wish to make a stir socially—but they can't, while a plenty of poor ones do. Look at Mr. Thorndyke'—she hit upon you the first man—'he's asked everywhere, and he says he is as poor as a church mouse. No, Julian; to be as you would wish to be here needs not only the money we haven't got, but something else we haven't got and can't acquire; so let's give it up. Another winter I'll stay in Circleville—it will be better for the children, better for me, better for you'—for I own up to having been deuced surly all that winter. So we adopted that plan, and Annette has never been to Washington since. But—I'll confess this, too—I had from the beginning a fancy to see the inside of those houses where the people lived who make up this world of Washington. It wasn't merely idle curiosity. I was convinced, and I am so still, that the number and variety of people in Washington must make these Washington parlors—drawing-rooms you call them—the most interesting of their kind in the world. Well—I've got into some of them. It's a good deal easier for a man without his wife than with her—and Thorndyke, I own up, I am bewitched. Oh, it's not so much to you—you've known it too long, and seen too much of it all over the world to know how it strikes a man born and brought up until he is thirty-eight years old in Circleville. I swear, when I get a dinner invitation I am like the girls out our way, who will drive twenty miles in a sleigh to go to a dance. The

"IT'S A GOOD DEAL EASIER FOR A MAN WITHOUT HIS WIFE THAN WITH HER"

mere look of the table—the glass, the silver, the flowers—goes to my head. And the conversation! They let me talk all I want."

"You are a vastly entertaining fellow in your own mental bailiwick," interjected Thorndyke.

"And the women! So unaffected—so unconscious of their clothes! And such listeners! I have never been to a stupid dinner in Washington. And the clubs—I never knew a man of leisure in my life until I came to Washington. I dare say you think me a fool." Crane paused, with a feeling rare to him that he could not express half what was in him—but Thorndyke's knowledge supplied the rest.

"No, I don't. It is quite as you say—but you are taking it all too seriously."

"Circleville," murmured Crane.

"Well, three-fourths of these people you admire so came from Circlevilles. Forty years ago, how many of them, do you think, had a servant to answer the doorbell? Just consider, my dear young friend, that, except in the South, servants were unknown to a large proportion of the American people until a short time ago. The parents of these people you see here, with eighteen-horse-power automobiles, and with crests upon their writing-paper, their carriages, their footmen's buttons, thought themselves in clover when they could afford a maid and a cook. So far, they are merely at the imitative stage. Their grandparents were pioneers and lived mostly in log cabins, and although the three generations are divided by only fifty years, it is as if æons were between them! It is one of the most astounding things in American life!"

"That's so," replied Crane. "It is said that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, but in these United States about nine-tenths of the society people have no more notion how their grandparents lived than they have of life on Mars or Saturn. I went to a wedding the other day. It was magnificent beyond words. The two young people had been brought up in——"

"Barbaric luxury," Thorndyke interrupted. "It's barbarous to bring children up as those two were—I know whom you mean. The girl had her own suite of rooms almost from her birth, her own maid, her own trap. Even when there was an affectation of simplicity it cost enough to have swamped her grandfather's general store at Meekins' Crossroads, where he laid the foundation of his fortune. When she came out in society it simply meant more of everything. No daughter of the Cæsars was ever more conscious of the gulf between her and the common people—I say common people with the deepest respect for the term—than this girl is conscious of the gulf between herself and the class to which her grandparents belonged. The young man's story was the same, *da capo*, except that he was given a boy's luxuries instead of a girl's. It has been carefully concealed from them by their parents that their grandparents swept, dusted, chopped wood, traded at country stores, and did all those plain but useful and respectable things which made their fortune. To hear them talk about 'grandmamma' and 'grandpapa' is the very essence of simplicity."

"And yet those people constitute the most exclusive set in Washington," said Crane angrily, as if thereby some wrong was inflicted on him.

"Naturally," replied Thorndyke. "Don't you see that the first result of their prosperity in their own community was to segregate them from their less fortunate friends and neighbors? Don't you see how inevitably it came about that their children were separated from their neighbors' children? And in the end they were driven from the Circlevilles and the Meekins' Crossroads by sheer necessity. They became fugitives, as it were, from their own class, and how natural it was for them to be afraid of their own and every other class except the recognized few, and to build up a wall around themselves and their children!"

"I wonder if you would dare to use that word class on the floor of the House?" asked Crane.

"I would dare to, but I shouldn't care to," answered Thorndyke. "One reason why I have so little to say on the floor of the House is because it involves many explanations to men who know just as well what you mean as you do, and agree with you thoroughly. But there's Buncombe County to be considered."

"At all events," said Crane, returning to himself as a subject of consideration, "this social side of life appeals to me powerfully—too powerfully, I am afraid. I feel an odd sort of kinship with those old ladies of seventy that I see going the rounds in Paris gowns and high-heeled shoes, with their scanty white hair crimped and curled within an inch of their lives. It's serious business with them—and, by George, it's serious with me, too. Of course, I am a blamed fool for acknowledging so much."

"Not in the least. But you must know that it can only be a pastime with you. There are Circleville, and Annette, and the babies——"

Thorndyke saw Crane's face grow a little pale, and he fell silent for a minute or two, and while Thorndyke was watching the current of his thought, as revealed by a singularly expressive and untrained countenance, Crane burst out:

"The best in the way of women I've seen yet is Constance Maitland—I wonder why she never married? She's nearer forty than thirty—that she told me herself."

It was now Thorndyke's turn to grow pale. Constance Maitland was responsible to a great degree for all that had happened to him for the last eighteen years, and in all that time he had not seen her once, but the mere mention of her name was enough to agitate him; and she was in Washington and he had not known it——

It was a minute or two before he recovered himself and began to pull at the cigar in his mouth. Then he saw by Crane's face that Constance Maitland was something to him, too. Had the poor devil fallen in love with her as he had with Washington dinners? Thorndyke was disgusted with his friend, and showed it by saying coldly:

"I knew Miss Maitland well some years ago. She is very charming. But, Crane, it's bad manners to call ladies by their first names." Thorndyke used the old-fashioned word "ladies" where the moderns say "women."

Crane colored furiously. He did not mind in the least being coached in legislative affairs, but he winced at being taught manners. However, he had the highest admiration for Thorndyke's manners, so he replied carelessly:

"I accept the amendment. As you say, Con—Miss Maitland is very charming—and has been charming men for the past twenty years. Now, in Circleville she would have been called an old maid ten years ago."

Yes, of course, she had always had a train of men after her, and the fact that she remained unmarried showed either that she had no heart—or—sometimes a wild thought had crossed Thorndyke's mind—suppose Constance Maitland still remembered him? This thought, coming into his head, set his heart to pounding like a steam engine while Crane talked on.

"That woman epitomizes the charm of Washington to me. First, she is unlike any woman I ever saw before; that is in itself a charm. Then, she has an environment; that, too, is new to me. I went to see her four times last winter." Then he mentioned where she lived. "Her parlor—I mean drawing-room—was nothing compared with the others I'd been in here—but it was distinctive. It wasn't furnished from bric-à-brac shops and art-sale catalogues. All the antiques came from her own family—all the miniatures and portraits were her own kinsfolk. And, after having lived in Europe for twenty years as she told me—because she doesn't mind mentioning dates—and having seen more of European society than one American woman in ten thousand, she loves and admires her own country, and came back here to live the first minute she was free. That struck me all of a heap, because, though you wouldn't judge so from my Fourth of July speeches at Circleville, I should think that Europe would be something between Washington and Paradise."

"You haven't been there yet," was Thorndyke's response to this. And then Crane proceeded to tell a story which Thorndyke knew by heart.

"It seems—so I heard from other people—she was brought up by an old crank of a great-aunt who had married a Count Somebody-or-other in Germany. This old female party tried to make Constance marry some foreign guy, and when she wouldn't the old lady, in a rage, made a will, giving all she had to Constance on condition that she did not marry an American. It was thought the old lady wasn't exactly in earnest, but unluckily she died the week after, and so the will stands—and that's why Con—Miss Maitland never married, I guess."

Just then a band came blaring down the street, followed by the usual crowd of negroes, dancing, shouting and grimacing along the sidewalk, looking weird in the high lights and black shadows of the night. Crane, to whom the negroes had never ceased to be a raree-show, got up and went to the

"THAT WOMAN EPITOMIZES THE CHARM OF WASHINGTON"

window, whistling the air the band played; meanwhile Thorndyke lay back in his chair trying to get used to the knowledge that Constance Maitland had been in Washington for months and he had not known it. There was a prologue to the story just told him by Crane—and Crane had no suspicion of this prologue. A young American of good birth but slender fortune—himself, in fact—was the primary cause of the old Countess von Hesselt's remarkable will. It was he whom the old lady held responsible for Constance Maitland's flat refusal to marry the son of an imperial privy councilor with seven points to his coronet. Oh, those days at the Villa Flora on Lake Como—those days that come only in youth, when the whole world seems young! When from the terrace Constance and himself watched the sunset trembling in the blue lake and making another heaven there! And those starlit nights when Constance and himself were in a boat alone together, and she sang to him to her guitar, and he repeated verses from Childe Harold to her! They were both young and singularly innocent, and were deeply in love—of that Thorndyke could never doubt; and because they were young and innocent and in love with each other the old Countess thought them the wickedest and most designing creatures on earth. She had spent all her life in Europe, had frankly married for a title, and wished Constance to do the same. The old Count—a helpless invalid—was not reckoned in the equation.

The Countess von Hesselt had acquired what many Americans who live abroad acquire—a spite against her own country. She had also forgotten a good deal about it, and thought a very effective way to keep Constance from marrying Thorndyke or any other American was to cut her off from a fortune in that event. The will was made, and the old Countess proclaimed it loudly for a week. At the end of that time the gentleman on the pale horse unexpectedly summoned her. There was but one thing for any man to do in Geoffrey Thorndyke's circumstances, and that was, to go far away from Constance Maitland. No definite words or promises had passed between them, but unless eyes and tones of the voice, and all sweet, unutterable things are liars, they were pledged to one another.

Thorndyke, being in those days a very human youngster, hoped that Constance would send him a line—a word—and doubted not for a moment that his love would make up to her for a fortune. But no line or word ever came. As years went on Thorndyke reached the sad knowledge that modern life requires something more than bread and cheese and kisses, and felt a sense of relief that it had not been in his power to take Constance Maitland's fortune from her with only love to give in return. But this knowledge did not make him content. On the contrary, year by year had her memory become more poignant to him. It was that which had made him throw himself with all his being and equipment into public life. It was that which made him tender to all innocent, sweet women like Annette Crane—innocent, sweet

(Continued on Page 22)

The Castaway Brokers

From the Almost Veracious Memoirs of Oliver Thumm

By George Randolph Chester

A RECORD OF THEIR ADVENTURES UPON NEW CHICAGO ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH SOME MENTION OF SILAS GREGG, T. JEFFERSON JACKSON AND A CURRENCY GOAT, ALSO SHOWING WHY THE REPUBLIC CAME TO BE A MONARCHY

"GENTLEMEN, PATRIOTS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS"

TWELVE lives in all were saved from the wreck of the good ship Luzon. The captain, the gallant crew and the lady passengers all went down to very watery graves in the staunch new lifeboats. Silas Gregg, of Minnesota, nine members of the Chicago Board of Trade, and Thomas Jefferson Jackson, colored, came safely to land in the leaky old long boat the sailors would not trust.

Providence was probably interested in Silas Gregg.

The eleven men landed on a nameless island. It was Chicago Island thirty minutes later when the goat, the owner of the twelfth life to be saved, swam contentedly ashore with a cud of succulent sea thistles in its mouth.

It must not be supposed that the island had been named hastily or by any irregular method. On the contrary, the nine brokers, without waiting for their clothes to dry, had plunged into the great American diversion of moving, seconding and passing resolutions. When the goat arrived Jackson was serving the Committee of the Whole with refreshments from a breadfruit tree and had collected a dollar and ten cents in tips. Silas Gregg was not to be found.

By the middle of the afternoon Chicago Island was the home of a flourishing republic. Offices had been found for everybody present, including Thomas Jefferson Jackson, who was unanimously chosen as Sergeant-at-Arms. From that moment Mr. Jackson neither received nor expected any tips. He was content to do any and all the work if only addressed by his official title.

No republic was ever launched under more favorable conditions. From the reports of various committees it was gathered that the island was virtually an earthly Paradise, about five miles in diameter and uninhabited by savages, snakes or wild animals of a dangerous size. The character of the vegetation indicated a warm, equable temperature the year round, and there existed an abundance of nourishing food that needed only to be plucked, or picked from the ground as it fell. The geographical position could not be closely approximated, except that it lay somewhere in mid-Pacific, probably far south of the usual track of ocean travel.

II

SILAS GREGG emerged from the woods with a brace of wild turkeys for supper, just as the first Cabinet meeting was about to adjourn.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the Secretary of War, "we've clean overlooked Silas! We must elect him to something or other. There is no reason why every citizen of this republic should not be an office-holder."

"Never mind me," said Silas cheerfully. "I don't hanker after any office. I've found a natural clearing, out yonder in the woods a piece, and I calculate to do a bit of farming."

"Mr. Speaker," cried the Secretary of State, "I move that the President be requested to appoint Mr. Silas Gregg, of Minnesota, U. S. A., as Secretary of Agriculture!"

"I object!" interrupted Silas. "In the first place, nobody ever heard of a real farmer being made Secretary of Agriculture. In the second place, you've got to have somebody to govern, and if you'll just allow me to be the Sovereign People I'll be mighty well satisfied."

"DE GOAT'S DONE ETT UP ALL DAT MONEY!"

It was an inspiration! Visions of coming campaigns, of urgent and impassioned appeals to the agricultural vote, and of close and exciting election returns filled the minds of every office-holder there. The motion to make the gentleman from Minnesota a member of the Cabinet was not even seconded.

III

"I SUPPOSE you've made a fair division of labor," remarked Silas as they sat down to the evening meal which had been skillfully prepared by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

"Labor!" ejaculated the chorus of brokers.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms," said the Secretary of the Interior with impressive dignity, "is the only man on the island officially entitled to work." He waved his hand with a flourish toward that official, who beamed with pleasure until all his teeth could be counted.

"Except the Sovereign People," suggested Silas, as he appropriated a turkey leg. "The Sovereign People is always entitled to work."

"There's no real need for you to farm, though," observed the chairman of the Committee on Food Supply, who was also Secretary of the Navy. "The natural food supply here can never give out."

"That's all right," replied Silas, "but I've got a sample package of prime Minnesota wheat that I was taking to my nephew in the Philippines, and I calculate to sow it and see what it does in this climate."

The Secretary of the Interior nearly choked on a wishbone in his haste.

"I bid sixty-two for one thousand bushels of September wheat!" he cried.

"Taken!" shouted eight excited brokers in unison.

"But look here," protested Silas, "I don't intend to put in more than an acre of wheat. The whole crop can't be more than about fifty bushels."

"It's a fact, though, that you intend to raise some wheat, isn't it?" asked the President anxiously.

"Yes," admitted Silas.

"Well, that's all right, then. You attend to the visible supply and we'll have the Sergeant-at-Arms begin the erection of a Board of Trade shed to-morrow."

Before the citizens of the new republic had retired to their beds of fragrant boughs that night nearly fifty thousand bushels of wheat had been sold for September delivery.

IV

BRIGHT and early the next morning Silas Gregg arose, pulled his breakfast off a tree and went out to his clearing. This show of energy on the part of the agricultural population influenced curbstone trading to a certain extent that morning, lowering September wheat two points by reason of the probability of a full crop. The prospects of the community seemed so bright, indeed, that a Cabinet meeting was called immediately after breakfast for the purpose of passing resolutions.

"Gentlemen," said the President in his eloquent address, "the Republic of Chicago Island is fairly launched and is entering upon an unexampled era of prosperity, due to that wise and efficient management displayed by the capable citizens who hold the reins of government." (Great applause.) "Honorable men, actuated only by the most noble of sentiments, have sacrificed their private inclination for the common weal and have been elected to their high offices absolutely without a hint or suspicion of bribery or corruption. Owing to the excellent policy that has been inaugurated, no member of this glorious commonwealth need suffer one moment for any of the creature comforts of life.

"Our agricultural interests are in a flourishing condition; the Sovereign People is happy and content under the prevailing administration; an abundant food supply has been provided by an all-wise Providence, which is unquestionably in sympathy with the political party now happily in power, and the government is supplying, free of all charge, to every citizen of this home of freedom, a climate unequaled under the sun!" (Loud and continued applause.) "Our commerce is in a condition so healthy and so active that no review of its achievements is necessary. It is equally needless to point out that this enviable state of affairs is directly traceable to a conservative but energetic Board of Trade!" (Wild applause.)

"Gentlemen, patriots and fellow-citizens of the Republic of Chicago Island . . ."

Here the President launched into a glowing peroration in which he mentioned the Constitution, the glorious flag, the martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln, the principal battles of the world and the equal rights of man; he marshaled forth a bewildering and glittering array of metaphor and panoplied it with the most impassioned eloquence; he plead, he argued, he cajoled; his voice rang with determination, it vibrated with enthusiasm, it thrilled with earnestness and it became hoarse with emotion. At the end of three-quarters of an hour the President sat down, covered with glory and dripping with perspiration.

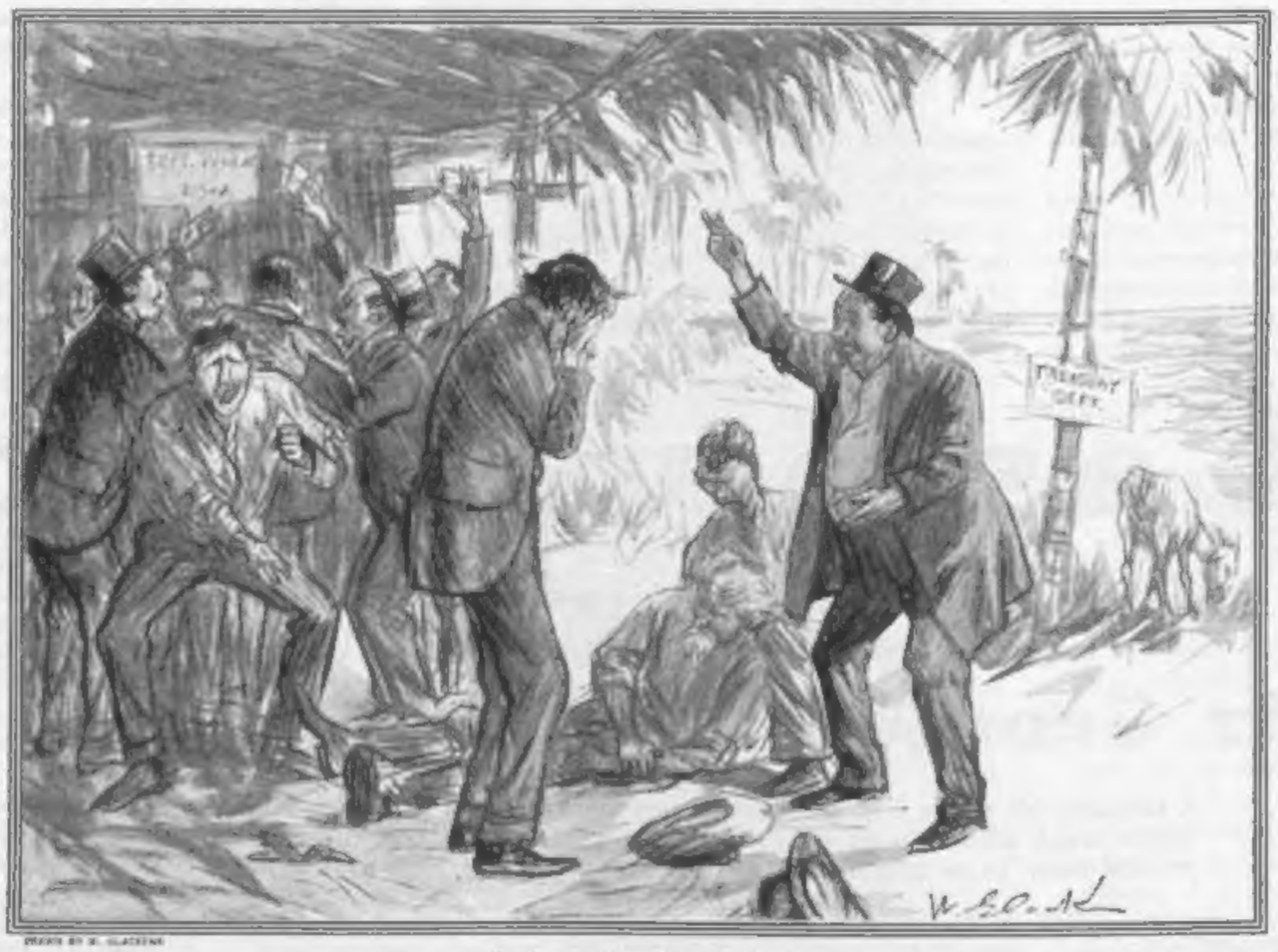
It was a magnificent effort! After wearing themselves out with applause the little colony of ex-Americans heaved a mighty sigh of content. A rousing speech had been the only thing needed to make them thoroughly at home. They had a genuine "spellbinder" among them, that most wonderful and indispensable product of the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave, where no undertaking, large or small, is ever planned or executed without the aid of oratory.

V

BUT the crowning stroke was still to come. When order had been restored the Secretary of the Treasury came forward with a Utopian project which was designed to make of the new republic a model for all the progressive governments of the world. This plan was nothing less than an equal division of all the money on the island! Receipts were to be given each man for the amount he turned into the common fund, and this amount was to be restored in case they left the island within one year. Actual currency, only, was to be turned into this fund, letters of credit, drafts, checks, and all forms of foreign exchange being accounted as of no value. The plan was adopted with a whirl, and a sum amounting to $1749 was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury.

While this money was being counted and receipted the Secretary of the Interior made another suggestion which met with instant favor—that, before the Board of Trade convened, they adjourn in a body to the agricultural district, in order to start trading with equal opportunities for judgment. The Secretary of the Treasury found that $1749 in bills of average small denomination made a very awkward bundle, so he left them in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms. As there was no one on the island to steal them, the latter official placed the greenbacks in the hollow of a tree for safety, while he worked at the sheds which were to be erected.

A half-hour's search landed the Board of Trade on the edge of Silas Gregg's farm, and the members seated themselves comfortably in the low, gnarled branches of the surrounding trees. Silas was busy clearing his acre of ground of weeds.



"I AM A RUINED MAN!"

Whenever he pulled up a handful of the matted vegetation and shook it, the rich black loam was scattered in every direction, and, in view of this condition of the soil, a strong bear interest was developed, September wheat being steadily beaten down to forty-seven, with but few takers.

VI

IT WAS nearing noon when the Sergeant-at-Arms crashed into the clearing, his face ashen and consternation written on every line of his features.

"Foh de Lawd's sake," he gasped, "de goat's done ett up all dat money!"

The government was bankrupt!

It was a terrible moment, but, in the face of overwhelming disaster, the Secretary of the Treasury proved his fitness for his office.

"Gentlemen," said he calmly, "it would only be folly for us to open that goat with the hope of recovering our greenbacks. We should find them macerated beyond all recognition. You note that I have not called those greenbacks money. We do not need the actual banknotes. We must remember that money is only an artificial medium of exchange. Gentlemen, the monetary wealth of this island is merely inclosed within that goat, which has become our repository—our treasury vault, so to speak. We will make use of the animal in its new capacity; not as a medium of exchange, it being, as a live goat, indivisible, but as the basis of our currency system. This afternoon, with the consent of the Government, I will issue scrip, calling for fractional parts of the government goat to the amount of $1749."

Genius itself inspired that idea! By this masterstroke the Republic was saved and no one was the loser, with the exception of the goat. When it became, in a sense, collateral security, it had to be tied up and thus lost its liberty.

And this is but a sample of the wisdom with which Chicago Island was governed. With such brilliant minds at its helm the ship of state sailed majestically on and the colony flourished beyond all expectation. Within two weeks comfortable sleeping-quarters had been erected, a Board of Trade shed completed, a dining-hall built and an evening assembly-room put under way.

VII

SILAS Gregg's wheat peeped through the soil in an incredibly short space of time and the operations in the wheat pit, up to this time a mere matter of daily routine, at once nearly doubled in volume. Daily trips were made to the wheat belt and every minute indication was carefully watched. For example: a corner of the field was unduly shaded. The effect of this was instantly foreseen by the Secretary of War, and he bought heavily at the prevailing prices, knowing that the growth in this corner would be stunted, so affecting the total yield and forcing higher prices. The Secretary of State noticed that a small strip of the field was seemingly fed by a tiny underground stream and he sold right and left, perceiving that this strip would bring up the average of the crop and so lower prices.

Silas Gregg was an object of equal solicitude. He complained of a malarial indisposition one morning and did not go to work until noon. Wheat went up seven points that morning. At the midday meal Silas was very hungry and the quotations were down to normal by evening. He thrashed Thomas Jefferson Jackson one day for walking across his field and the market prices were depressed, a man of his strenuous nature being certain to raise an abundant crop. If he whistled or sang or joked wheat went down. If he looked glum or blue or cross wheat went up. Indeed, it would have been almost possible to conduct the entire business of the Board of Trade with quotations on Silas Gregg, only naming him Wheat for convenience.

VIII

A NAPOLEON of commerce was bound to arise in all this buying and selling, and the Secretary of the Navy proved to be the man. One morning, before the opening of the stock exchange, he went privately to Silas Gregg and the Sergeant-at-Arms and borrowed all their scrip. When business opened he jumped into the wheat pit and began selling September wheat wherever he could find a buyer. His action was a complete surprise, as only the day before he had been looked upon as a persistent bull. Now, however, he was the leader of the bears. Down, down, down he forced the price and still he sold. By the close of the day he had disposed of a staggering quantity of wheat for September delivery and the bulls were wild with perplexity. That night the Secretary of the Navy was besieged by eight brokers, singly, in pairs and collectively, but he merely looked wise and kept his own counsel. The next morning, however, he detained Silas Gregg until the opening of the exchange and brought him on the floor. The two were instantly the centre of an eager group.

"Silas," said the Secretary of the Navy, pulling something from his pocket, "what is this?"

"Why, it's oats!" exclaimed Silas, after a delighted examination of the specimen. He was as pleased as if he had just met an old and cherished friend. The stalk was passed around for inspection. It was undeniably oats! A light began to dawn upon the puzzled bulls.

"You've rather got us," admitted the President, "but, while an abundance of this cereal is bound to affect the quotations on wheat to a certain extent, I cannot see where it will account for the wide difference made by your manipulations of yesterday. As a matter of fact, old man, I rather think you overdid it."

"I'd like to sell fifty thousand more," answered the Secretary of the Navy, as he smilingly recovered the sample and once more passed it to Silas. "What peculiarity do you notice about that stalk of oats?" he asked of the man from Minnesota.

Silas studied it for a moment in perplexity and then suddenly brightened up.

—CAME SAFELY TO LAND IN THE LEAKY OLD LONG BOAT THE SAILORS WOULD NOT TRUST

"Well," he said, "it's got about twice as many grains on it as any stalk of oats I ever saw."

"Exactly!" cried the Secretary of the Navy. "I found this stuff growing wild, and every stalk like this. Everything on the island bears in equal proportion, and when our wheat ripens——"

"I offer five thousand September at thirty-one!" shrieked the Vice-President.

Instantly a scene of the wildest pandemonium ensued. The bulls were panic-stricken and the bears gloated over them. The former frantically tried to rush to cover but the attempt was useless. Wheat slumped ten points in as many minutes. The Secretary of the Navy, by concealing his find for one day, had made a fortune at the expense of an overconfident bull market and he was correspondingly elated.

IX

SILAS GREGG was spellbound. He had been in the monkey-house at the Zoo just before feeding-time, but he had never witnessed a scene approaching this. By and by he moved to get a better view. His foot slipped on a banana peel. He came down with his full weight upon his arm and lay groaning with pain.

He had sprained his wrist.

They all rushed to pick him up. The President caught him by the shoulders and had his head raised from the floor when an idea struck him and he dropped the head with a thump. He foresaw the effect of this sprain on the wheat crop!

"I bid twenty-seven for five thousand September wheat!" he shrieked.

The effect was electrical. Within a dozen seconds only Thomas Jefferson Jackson was left to minister to Silas Gregg and the Secretary of the Navy was trying in vain to beat back the bull avalanche. In flying leaps of two and three points wheat had regained all that it had lost, and was still climbing upward toward the highest point that had yet been reached when the Secretary of the Navy, beaten and crushed, drew out of the maelstrom and crossed over to where Silas Gregg reclined with his eyes half-closed.

White to the lips the vanquished speculator bent over to examine the injured member. It was already swelling and gave Silas intense agony.

"There is no question but that his wrist is badly sprained," he said, in a voice that trembled slightly in spite of all his efforts at repression. "This accident has wrecked me! Every dollar I had in the world and all I could borrow was staked on this deal! I am a ruined man! Ruined! Disgraced! Dishonored!"

With a half-articulate cry he suddenly dashed out of the shed and disappeared in the woods. For two weeks he was missing, but, except at meal-times, it can scarcely be said that he was missed, for the business of buying and selling ungrown wheat is an absorbing occupation and leaves no room for minor considerations, such as life and death and disappearances.

His disastrous effort to corner the market made prominent, however, one radical defect in the commercial system of the island.

There were no lambs!

It was maddening to think that in all this colony of ex-Americans there was not one representative of the largest and most useful class of people in the United States. And it could not be remedied. None of the brokers would resign to occupy this important position, Silas Gregg obstinately refused to have anything to do with it, and Thomas Jefferson Jackson had no scrip left. They were forced, contrary to all their principles, to prey upon each other only. It seemed a shame, but they had to put up with it.

X

ONE morning, during a lull in the trading, a strange figure appeared in the wheat pit. It was the missing Secretary of the Navy, clad in a complete waterproof suit of dried grasses.

"Great idea!" he explained. "Saves your only suit for use in case a ship ever stops here and you decide to go back to the States. I've got an outfit here for each one of you. Twenty dollars apiece, if you want them."

Within half an hour one hundred and twenty dollars in scrip on the Government goat reposed in his pocket. Then he hunted up Silas Gregg, whose wrist was entirely recovered, to get an extension of time on his debt to that gentleman.

"I can't figure out where you owe me anything," said Silas, scratching his head. "Of course I like to have anything that's coming to me, and I'm mighty glad to have this suit, on account, as you put it. And if you owe me a hundred-odd dollars' worth of that goat you may pay it any time you get ready. So far as I'm concerned, though, they may cut off my share of the goat and cook it for supper. I've got my letter of credit on a Manila bank in my pocket now. All the money I had when I landed on the island was forty-five cents and I've got that yet. So don't worry yourself about the goat money. I don't see any good of it, anyhow."

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was not so complaisant. He was very severe in his greeting to the man who had borrowed and lost all his capital, and he had a vast amount of righteous indignation bottled up, ready for explosion the moment the prodigal speculator began to apologize or show any other signs of weakness. When, however, the Secretary of the Navy handed him a dried-grass suit of brown, with red stripes running through it, and a Sergeant-at-Arms suit of gray, with blue epaulettes and blue stripes on sleeves and trouser legs, Mr. Jackson was not only mollified but was delighted to accept this gay garb at a valuation of sixty dollars, and to make a generous extension of time on the balance of the debt.

XI

THE Secretary of the Navy resumed his place on the Board of Trade the next morning and began buying in a mild way. He had taken his place among the bulls again, and if he had any new plans for cornering the market he had learned a lesson of caution, for it was not till after three days had passed that it was found he had quietly invested every cent he had in very narrow margins on September wheat, buying a little here and a little there without exciting suspicion.

On the fourth day he called a meeting of the Cabinet on a matter of grave importance.

"I feel it my duty," he began, "not to the Board of Trade, but to the Republic of Chicago Island, to call your attention to the necessity of having a Secretary of Agriculture. A condition has come to my notice that could not, unreported, have existed had we elected so important an official."

Some uneasiness was apparent among the members of the Cabinet, particularly on the part of those who represented the bear interest on the Board of Trade, but he was not interrupted.

"As a private individual," he went on, "I have discovered that the entire wheat crop of the country is threatened by an insect which is already destroying the roots of the plants at the eastern edge of——"

The Secretary of the Navy did not finish his speech, for there was no one left to listen to him. With a supreme disregard for parliamentary usage, the entire body had adjourned informally, and had started at a gallop for Silas Gregg's wheat patch! The Secretary of the Navy, wearing a broad grin, followed them more at his leisure.

—CLOSELY PURSUED BY THE INFURIATED SILAS GREGG

XII

SILAS was found at the eastern edge of the "wheat belt" busily uprooting row after row of the tender young plants and heaping them in a huge pile to burn.

"Will you be able to save any of this crop?" breathlessly asked the President.

"Well," answered Silas, stopping to stroke his whiskers and make a leisurely survey of the field and the sky, "I reckon I'll save at least half of it; maybe a little more."

"How long have you known of this?"

"Oh, about three or four days, I guess."

"And why didn't you announce the fact to us?" The President's voice was very stern and his dilating nostrils betrayed signs of anger.

"I didn't see where it was anybody's business, in particular, except mine, and, to tell you the truth, I was too busy trying to figure out a way to save the crop without too much waste," answered Silas.

"Without too much waste of profits!" broke in the Vice-President, who was heavily on the short side of wheat. "Do you mean to deny that you suppressed this information until the Secretary of the Navy could cover the entire market? You're in league with him to——"

"Looky here!" exclaimed Silas, grabbing up a stake and, with his pale blue eyes snapping, advancing before the assembled Republic of Chicago Island. "I don't quite understand you fellows. If I'm lucky I expect to harvest about thirty-five or maybe forty bushels of wheat off this land, and I judge that you've already sold about a million bushels of it. Now I don't care what you do in that line, but I'll say this much: the next man that hints about me being mixed up in anything underhanded will get his head knocked off! Now skedaddle!"

There was no use in trying to make Silas Gregg understand commerce, so they left.

XIII

THE Board of Trade was convened in a hurry immediately on the return of the brokers to the town of New Chicago. On the way wheat had jumped up twenty points in "curbstone trading," made by brokers on the run, and now it speedily sprang to a dollar a bushel, carrying the fortunes of the calmly satisfied Secretary of the Navy along with it to the top notch of affluence.

Time after time the bears stubbornly rallied, but their efforts to break or to hold down the price were of no avail. The second day after this they were still attempting, in a feeble sort of a way, to save something from the wreck, and the Secretary of the Navy was lolling on the railing of the wheat pit, enjoying the situation, when a series of loud bleats interrupted the proceedings. The members hastily assembled in front of the shed in time to see the goat dart past, closely pursued by the infuriated Silas Gregg. In response to their shouts Silas halted long enough to explain.

"Why, that darn goat," he gasped, "broke loose and got into my patch last night, and ate up every last leaf of my wheat!"

Then he dashed on, leaving the Board of Trade stunned.

No wheat! They were all ruined! The entire commerce of Chicago Island had crumbled into dust—was destroyed at one

(Concluded on Page 17)

"AS SECRETARY OF THE NAVY," HE SAID, "I BID YOU WELCOME TO CHICAGO ISLAND!"

MEN AND WOMEN

HIT A RESOUNDING THWACK

A Citizen of No Ideals

"I WAS in one of the mountain villages of Kentucky on county court day," said Senator McCreary of that State.

"The countrymen for miles around had come in to trade and talk politics. As I was standing in the public square a thrifty-looking young fellow rode by on horseback. He had a bolt of calico and a side of bacon lying across the pommel of his saddle.

"'There goes Bill Jones with caliker an' hog meat,' said one of the natives contemptuously. 'He don't think of nothin' but eatin' an' clothes. I'll bet he ain't got airy bottle of whisky, squirrel rifle or coon dog out to his house.'"

Out of the Mouths of Babes

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES is a golfer. Clad in his knickerbockers, his plaid stockings and his crimson coat he makes a gallant figure on the links of the Chevy Chase Club at Washington.

A day or two ago the General had a critical young person for a caddy. The General topped his drive off the fourth tee. The ball joggled along a few yards and then rolled into a depression. It was "cupped," as the golfers say.

There was nothing for it but a try with the lofter. General Miles spat on his hands, measured his distance carefully, tried to keep his eye on the ball and swung mightily. He hit the District of Columbia a resounding thwack. The ball did not move. He tried again and again and with the same results. The fourth prodigious effort moved the ball a few feet.

"See here, old chap," said the caddy, who was much bored by the exhibition, "you'll have to do better than that!"

A Narrow Escape for "Old Prob"

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, is one of the most persistent golfers at the National Capital. At dinner a few nights ago he was bemoaning the rainy weather that kept him from the links to a young man whose interest in appearing sympathetic with the woes of the great jurist was as great as his ignorance of the game.

"I have often thought," said the young man, "that these continued spells of rain must make you golfers feel like going up to the Weather Bureau and beating Mr. Moore about the head with a stymie."

Tardy Advice for the President

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT does not see one-quarter of the letters written to him, but he did see one a few days ago that gave him much amusement.

A member of the Union League Club in New York—the President says it would not be fair to tell his name—wrote in great haste to inform him that while coming from Europe to this country he met on the ship a German traveler. The German told the Union Leaguer that there is a great lake in the interior of Nicaragua, 103 miles long and 45 miles wide. The Union League man thought the President should know of this, inasmuch as there was some talk of digging an interoceanic canal in that part of the hemisphere. He thought the story of the German was well worth investigating as he seemed to be a truthful person.

The President thanked the writer for the information, but said the existence of the lake was known to some few people, as Gil Gonzales happened on it one January day in 1522.

The Odds Were Too Heavy

"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN, of Tupelo, Mississippi, now a United States Commissioner for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was a valiant soldier in the Confederate Army.

"JOHN, LET'S QUIT"

He tells a story of a neighbor of his who enlisted with him. They became separated from their regiment during their first battle and sat down on a rail fence to talk it over.

A shell from a Yankee gun came screaming along while they were talking, and burst about a hundred yards from them.

"John," said the neighbor, "let's quit and go home. It ain't no use. We never can lick folks like them. There was enough in that shell to kill forty men, and they fired it at just you and me!"

A Sign of the Times

THE sure sign that a politician is the real boss of his State or city or ward is when his followers begin to call him "The Old Man." That is the highest term of endearment and loyalty.

Senator Platt is "The Old Man" to all New York State wheel-horse Republicans, as Senator Quay is to his people in Pennsylvania. Not a few Senators and Representatives speak of President Roosevelt as "The Old Man," although he is but forty-four. That means a great deal to the students of contemporaneous politics.

Still Loyal to the Lost Cause

THERE are several men on the Democratic side of the United States Senate who were officers in the Confederate Army.

Senator Bate, of Tennessee, was a major-general under the Stars and Bars. He is a powerful man and a good citizen, but he has never forgotten the Lost Cause.

"Clay," he said one day to the Senator from Georgia after a vote just before the close of the last session of Congress, "why on earth did you vote that way?"

Clay looked up in surprise. "My dear Senator Bate," he said, "I think my vote was right."

"Perhaps," sighed Senator Bate, "perhaps, but it was totally opposed to all Confederate principles."

The Office-Seeker's Philosophy

THE philosophy of the office-seeker is never understood, even in Washington, which is the headquarters of the clan.

On the morning after the first authentic news of the Martinique disaster was printed President Roosevelt received a letter from a man in Philadelphia. He wrote he had read in the papers that the American consul at Martinique had been killed and he applied for the place.

HE APPLIED FOR THE PLACE

He said he was eminently fitted for the position, was a life-long Republican, cited instances of his party fealty, expressed his warm admiration for the President, and concluded with this declaration: "I hasten to make this earnest application for the place in order that I may get in ahead of those loathsome and disgusting products of our political system, the office-seekers."

The Democratic Secretary of Commerce

THERE is a little lunch-room on Fifteenth Street in Washington where the hungry man goes in, helps himself to whatever he fancies, sits down in a big chair with wide arms, eats his food and then pays the cashier. There are no waiters. The menu is simple. There are three or four kinds of sandwiches, half a dozen kinds of pie, Maryland biscuits, crullers, cakes, tea and coffee.

Every afternoon, between two and three, a quiet, dignified man walks in, takes a sandwich, a piece of pie and gets a mug of coffee. He sits down and eats his luncheon in the most inconspicuous corner, pays his fifteen or twenty cents and leaves.

That man is the Honorable George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the newly-created Department of Commerce and Labor. When he was a $2000 stenographer at the White House he began going to this lunch-room, and now that he is a Cabinet Minister he remains true to the old place. High position has not changed Cortelyou. He is the most democratic, the most genial and the most approachable of men, and he does not believe in putting on frills because he is one of the President's official family.

How to Make Quay Mad

SENATOR MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, of Pennsylvania, has been denounced in many newspapers for many years as the master manipulator of his time. The Senator has smiled at the attacks and continued imperturbably on his way.

The editorial thunderer who thinks to worry or chagrin or humiliate Senator Quay by charging him with high political crimes and misdemeanors would better save his space for other purposes. He cannot do it.

Yet when the humble political reporter, scenting deals and combinations, says Senator Quay "held a political conference on Sunday" he does more than any editorial writer ever did. That charge is the pet aversion of the Senator. He says he never does and never did hold political conferences on Sunday, and such a statement makes him furiously angry.

The Man-Eating Editor

DURING the last years of the life of W. F. Story, the famous editor of the old Chicago Times, he was irritable and nervous. Each morning when he arrived at the office he thought it his duty to discharge somebody. That done, he would go to luncheon and forget all about it.

"DISCHARGE HIM!"

The staff of the Times held many conferences. Clearly, it was incumbent on them to appease in some way the appetite of Mr. Story for sudden removals.

Some genius suggested that they feed their employer's wrath with elevator boys. They collected a large assortment of inexperienced lads. Each morning one was put in charge of the elevator. When Mr. Story came in the awkward boy would jolt him, stop at the wrong floor and commit all sorts of elevator sins.

"Who's that idiot running the elevator?" Story roared, morning after morning, when he finally reached his office.

"So-and-so," an editor replied.

"Discharge him!" commanded Story.

That saved some member of the staff and satisfied Mr. Story, although it was rather rough on the boys.

The Uses of Adversity

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, now one of the vice-presidents of the National City Bank of New York, the great Rockefeller stronghold, was financial editor of the Chicago Tribune in 1892 and 1893—a hardworking newspaper man, dependent on his salary.

Those were panic times. Banks were failing every day. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Tribune, was in Southern California. He was much exercised over the situation and was in close touch with the office, constantly advising conservatism and optimism in the newspaper reports.

Vanderlip, by close economy and some minor investments, had saved $800. It was all he had. One day the bank failed in which he had deposited his little nest egg. He went despondently to his desk. The world looked black to him. It was a hard blow.

A messenger boy came in with a telegram. Vanderlip signed for it mechanically—his thoughts were on his lost $800. He tore open the envelope. The telegram was from Mr. Medill. It read: "Take a cheerful view of the situation."

A Definition of Senatorial Frivolity

"GEORGE," said the gray-headed Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, to a friend—"George, you are too frivolous."

"Why, Senator," protested the young man, "I'm not frivolous. I am really very solemn."

"No, you're not," persisted the Senator. "You are frivolous. Don't be frivolous. It will ruin you. George," he continued earnestly, "I know what I am talking about. Frivolity ruined my career."

"Pshaw, Senator, I don't think your life has been ruined much. You have twice been Governor of your State, have been a justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, have accumulated a fortune, and now you are in the United States Senate and can stay there as long as you wish."

"I know, George," said the Senator, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "I know about all those things. What do they amount to? Why, George, if I hadn't been so frivolous I might have been commanding-general of the Second Louisiana Brigade forty years ago."

"GEORGE, YOU ARE TOO FRIVOLOUS"

A Model Charter for a Small City

By Thomas G. Hayes

Mayor of Baltimore

Author of A City Without Graft

AN EMINENT Englishman who had traveled extensively in this country, and who had studied our institutions practically as well as theoretically, said to me at a dinner recently:

"I can very well understand the value of your system which divides the functions of political government into the three great divisions—legislative, executive and judicial. In many respects it is ideal. I can see how it works well with the nation and with the state, which have the problems of political conditions and policies, but it is beyond my comprehension that you should feel obliged to apply such a system to running a municipality. That is so plainly a business proposition that to my mind the political scheme can have no real relation to it or to the problems which are involved in it. Why should you have three divisions in a matter which is so purely a business undertaking? It all seems to me a contradiction of the common-sense which is such a strong factor in your American methods."

My reply to him was: "There are many Americans who think as you do, and at times I have been inclined to agree with them, but the more I have studied public sentiment, which, after all, regulates government in this country, and have become acquainted with the real municipal conditions, the more I have found that the legislative and executive functions are really necessary even in municipal government. In the first place, our people are trained in that habit; they cannot separate themselves and their thoughts from it; there must be the feeling that they, through their legislators and executives, are the powers that rule, and they believe their affairs are safer when they place one function as a check upon the other. We have been slow in good municipal government mainly because we have given to the legislative function too much license, and have not placed upon the executive function that direct and unavoidable responsibility which it should have. You will observe that we are getting our common-sense to work and are doing better, and I believe that in the course of time the American method will produce larger and more economical results than the plan which you have in your country, and which is held up to us as a model."

I said nothing about the judicial function because that in some cities is provided for under the State Government, and has no special municipal existence. But we must deal with the legislative and executive: those are the two powers which must be harnessed to pull our cities to better progress, larger economy and fairer conditions. Letters have come to me by the hundreds from all parts of the world since the appearance of the last article, A City Without Graft, in this magazine, and in them two facts are very prominent. The first is the desire of good citizens to improve the city government which they have, and the other is the seeking on the part of the small and growing cities of charters that will enable them to start right and thus to avoid most of the evils that result from bad systems. It is for these that the present article is intended.

The Chief Weakness of City Government

FIRST of all, the chief danger and weakness of American municipal government is the city council, or the board of aldermen, or whatever name the municipal legislature may be called. The plan of electing representatives of wards, or precincts, or sections of a city is vicious. It brings together a lot of men whose political existence depends upon how much they can get for their respective localities. They lose sight of the greater good of the whole community and invariably there is a scramble for spoils and appropriations, for everything from lamplighters to asphalted streets and public buildings. There have been exceptions—and really splendid exceptions, too—to this rule, but in almost every case the men who sought to legislate for the whole city, irrespective of special localities, met either ridicule or quiet contempt. In the system of trading votes and working for favors their influence counted nothing. I need not dwell upon the notorious instances of bribery and corruption, of the giving away of franchises and the riots of extravagance. I prefer to take the city legislature at its best, and at its best it is bad. I say this without intending to reflect upon the exceptional men—and there are many of them—who are members of city councils, for a bad system would defeat the good intentions of angels themselves.

Therefore, in the model charter for the small city I should eliminate the city council as we know it, and I should substitute for it a board, say of five men, to be elected by the people at the same time that the mayor was elected. This election should be on a different day and at a different season from that of the state or national election so as to separate the municipal contest as absolutely as possible from political and partisan campaigns. These men should be chosen irrespective of locality so far as the provisions of the charter could control. Each man should, for two years preceding his election, have paid taxes on at least $2000 worth of freehold property. I should like to make it $5000. I say freehold particularly because it is tangible. Personal property has that elusiveness which makes it generally unsatisfactory in this connection. Under our system of taxation the maximum burden falls upon real estate. Therefore the man who pays taxes on freehold has that direct knowledge and interest valuable in the running of a city's affairs. He is apt to do better service because the fact is constantly before his mind that he must pay his part of the cost.

Pay City Officers Good Salaries

THE five men whom I have mentioned should be well paid for their services. A salary of $1000 or $2000 a year would not be too much. I am strongly opposed to unpaid municipal officers of any kind, however good and self-sacrificing they may be. The plan does not work well. As a rule men "average up." If they work without salary they naturally expect compensation in some direction, although they may scorn anything that seems wrong or illegitimate. Then, too, unpaid servants cannot be held to accountability as can those who receive a good salary for their work.

This board should be surrounded by rigid conditions and held close to its rules. In order to prevent hasty legislation the charter should provide that no measure could pass without a delay of at least three days. The board should have no power to override the veto of the mayor, and it should have the appointment of no officers except those necessary for its own operation.

Next, the mayor. He should be over twenty-five years of age, five years a resident of the city, assessed with freehold property to the amount of from $2000 to $5000; his term should be four years; his salary should be from $2000 to $5000, according to the size of the city; he should have the power of veto absolutely; he should have the appointment of the heads of all departments and the approval or disapproval of all appointments made in the departments.

The separation between the legislature of five and the mayor should be so complete that the mayor could have no excuse for shifting the blame for his own sins or derelictions upon others. All his appointments should be registered voters of the city except, of course, females. The purpose of the charter should be to fix upon the mayor rigidly the responsibility for the administration of the city's affairs, whether through his own acts or the acts of his appointees. The fact should never be lost sight of that he himself must be accountable for any extravagance or error of administration.

Next should be a board of awards consisting of (1) the mayor, (2) the head of the department of public safety, which should include the fire department and the police department, (3) the commissioner of health, (4) the city engineer or the chief of the department of public improvements, under which should come the water board, the harbor board, the inspector of buildings and the general city work, and (5) the head of the public school system. This board of awards should have the supervision of all the actual business of the city administration. It should advertise for bids on all city supplies and make its awards to the lowest responsible bidders.

That is to say, no department should have the power to purchase its own supplies. The whole matter should come under the board of awards excepting, of course, small items which may be needed in department emergencies.

What the Board of Awards Will Do

THIS board will do three things: it will place a check upon the expenditure of money; it will keep the expenses and appropriations of the city government within its means, and it will get for the city terms as advantageous as those which would be given to any other corporation or business concern.

It will be seen that this arrangement provides an accountability that reaches through every department to the head of the city, and that precludes the probability of jobbery or extravagance.

The successful bidder on any city contract should be compelled to execute a formal contract satisfactory to the board and also furnish a bond, to be approved by the mayor, for double the amount of the contract price. To all bids should be attached certified checks of the bidders as forfeitures if they fail to comply with the terms of their agreements.

It may seem a bold statement, but it cannot be contradicted, that the cities in this country have given away public franchises which if sold to-day at their value would wipe out all the municipal indebtedness. The older cities have paid dearly for the experience, and the younger cities, which in the near future will have many times the population they now possess, can profit from the lesson. Therefore the grant of franchises, or rights in the streets, or other public property should not be for a period of more than twenty-five years, and should be sold under the supervision of the board of awards, with the ironclad condition that the city shall not divest itself of the right or power to regulate the exercise of the franchise or right granted.

This is important, and I may explain it better. Suppose street-car companies want a certain franchise. First they would have to secure the necessary legislation from the board of five. Next, the mayor would have to sign the ordinance. Third, the board of awards would advertise the franchise in the daily papers, reserving an upset price and fixing the various conditions. Then after the sale was made to the highest responsible bidder, bond would be required fully to protect the city. The city shall have the option at the end of twenty-five years either to take and operate the property on its own account, provided the city pays, exclusive of the franchise, the cost of the plant; or to renew the grant for a period not exceeding twenty-five years on a revaluation, or to sell the same to the highest bidder at public sale. If necessary, it can operate the plant and property on its own account for five years, after which it may determine either to continue the operation or to lease the property.

By protecting the purchases and expenditures of a city and retaining power over public franchises the city government escapes most of the old evils and becomes almost powerless to perpetrate any extensive fraud upon the taxpayers. The charter holds its officials with chains of iron.

In these days when the bonding business has been so well developed there is no difficulty whatever in fully providing for the financial responsibility of our city officials. I believe they should be bonded thoroughly. This also protects the care of city moneys and makes defalcations practically impossible. In the past, when city officials have stolen large sums, their bondsmen have often escaped payment through technicalities or through the action of the city councils. Under the new conditions it could not happen.

I believe implicitly in the value of publicity. If citizens have difficulty in getting a look at the finances of their municipalities it is a very sure sign that something is wrong. The books should always be open. There is no reason why the statement of the city's moneys should not be made as regularly as the statement of a bank or any business corporation.

I have said nothing here about minority representation, but I am a firm believer in the wisdom of it. It is a useful check, and it helps the public confidence. The great thing, however, is to get the right sort of men in office under rigid conditions, to pay them well for their services, and to exact from them the highest service. Public officials should be as regular in their hours and as attentive to their duties as any other class of men who receive salaries.

One department that should be unqualifiedly removed from partisanship is the public school system. Perhaps it is one exception in which leading citizens may be asked to serve as commissioners without remuneration, but I believe even in that it is best they should be paid. The main point is to get for superintendent of this system a progressive, energetic and up-to-date person—preferably a young man—and to pay him a first-rate salary for his work, and to leave him untrammeled. To secure such a superintendent there should be no restrictions or prohibitions as to residence or property qualifications. Get the best man even though you have to import him from the Philippines. Our experience in Baltimore illustrates the wisdom of this. We secured our superintendent from Denver, Colorado, against the loud protest of local prejudice, but so admirable have been his results that he has received offers of greater salaries to go to other cities, and we are holding on to him only by his interest in the work and by the hope of the rewards which we expect to give him. If you get your public schools in the right hands you will uplift the whole community, secure larger and better schoolhouses, increase the value of the rising generation, and put into the homes that finer stimulus which comes so potently through the interest of young folks.

I am aware that this broad sketch of a model charter contains radical innovations, but I know that they represent the best experience and enlightenment upon the subject. So effective is the improvement of city government and so complete its results that if you go to the meeting of the representatives of American municipalities you can, without knowing the names of the men or of the cities, select those delegates from the places which are making the greatest and best progress in the United States—it simply shines out. The cities which are doing things, which are reaching new standards and larger development are those which are purifying and strengthening their city governments.

Outside of the mere facts of handling the money honestly and of getting full value for franchises is the wonderful saving it signifies to the business life of the people. When you have bad government your citizens spend a large part of their time fretting over it, seeking new remedies and working themselves into ferments, which consume time and waste nervous energy. All this force is actually subtracted from the motive power of the population. The city with an honest and economical government has more time and more force for its business affairs. A bad government simply makes more difficult progress of any kind: it burdens not only the taxpayers but advancement itself. The smaller cities, therefore, have everything to gain by starting right, by avoiding the mistakes which have brought municipal government in America into such contempt. It can be done, and the first great step is to eliminate the city council as we now understand it, and at the same time to fix forever the system of direct responsibility upon the mayor.

Stage Managers' Woes

By Julian Mitchell

IN DECIDING on a light opera for performance one of three courses is followed: The piece may be one already written; again, it may be written "around" the singers—that is, the company is engaged before the composer or librettist had put pen to paper, and a special rôle must be prepared for each singer; or it may be written to order for the exploitation of a star, the supporting cast being subsequently chosen.

In the case of The Fortune Teller, which I staged for Miss Alice Neilson, the opera was written especially for the star by Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Victor Herbert. They submitted the scenario to the manager with a list of solo voices required, and when these matters had been settled, and the principals engaged, came the selection of the chorus, always an important branch in light opera production. To secure these latter singers an agency is applied to or an advertisement inserted. They assemble at the theatre, where the musical director and stage manager form a jury of selection. The appearance they present is strangely different from the eventual one, for the day may be rainy, and dripping umbrellas and mackintoshes take the place of the glow and color of theatrical costumes that will later replace them. Seated at the piano, the musical director tests each voice by the singing of a scale or a song, and I take notes on personal appearance and ability in dancing. These points are entered in our books, and when the test is over we confer and make our choice accordingly. Thirty girls and from twenty to thirty men, the latter always a necessary evil in light opera, for they contribute little to the general attractiveness, are required. The men are selected mainly for their singing voices, although here, too, the matter of personal comeliness is an important one. The next morning they again assemble at the theatre, and from among the hundreds of applicants the fifty or sixty to be engaged are notified, while the remainder are told that the list is filled, a polite way of informing them that they will not do.

The musical director rehearses the chorus for a week before my labors as stage manager begin, but I make it a point always to be present in order to memorize the score and to get an idea of the tempo, pauses and possible effects for the action to be supplied. It takes a week for this preliminary study of each act, so that I begin on the first act with the chorus when the director has commenced on the second. With the music I have nothing to do, my sole charge being the action, and to get my ideas of it understood by the singers one number will very frequently have to be repeated twenty or thirty times.

Owing to the importance of the physical freshness of our vocalists, the musical director's rehearsals begin an hour or two before mine. Meanwhile, he is rehearsing the solo singers in another part of the same theatre, or at a different one.

As we progress our combined presence is required when music and action are first taken up together.

The principals are drilled separately in action, but I have found very few of them capable of inventing their business in numbers they sing with the chorus, and that it devolves upon the stage manager to invent it for them.

In these busy days the important matters of scenery and costumes have not been neglected. Every item of dress—boots, wigs and hats—is given to a different branch of stage furnishers. With the trying on comes a break in rehearsals, from ten to twenty singers being excused at a time for the necessary visits to costumers. When these things are finally completed comes one of the most tiring points of the whole preparation of a production—the dress review, when the entire costumes for each of the three acts are donned by every several individual, and passed upon as they pose for inspection on the stage. Sometimes every separate costume has to be made over, the fit, style or general ensemble not meeting full requirement, and tears and entreaties from the chorus girl, who is not oblivious to her appearance, make a part of the manager's burden. This great item of expense, the costuming, is generally met in its entirety for principals as well as chorus by the management, except in the case of gloves, boots, or some such item bought individually by soloists in the cast.

The last week before the production of the opera full-dress rehearsals with scenery, costumes and properties are held for three or four days. At these full rehearsals it may be found that the opera is too long; in that event, numbers have to be cut out that have required hours of study and preparation, but the inevitable must be met, the sole question being to meet it wisely by omitting that which can best be spared.

Five days before the first public performance the musical director and composer hold their rehearsals of the score alone with the orchestra, and immediately succeeding them singing rehearsals take place in which all action is omitted. Endurance is the thing at this point of preparation, and the different rehearsals beginning at ten o'clock in the morning end only at midnight, and then simply because of lack of human ability to respond to greater demand.

The Western Mortgage Lifter—By Philip Eastman

ALFALFA, THE PLANT THAT HAS REDEEMED THE WEST. IT YIELDS FOUR OR FIVE CROPS A YEAR IN THE DRYEST REGIONS

THREE-YEAR-OLD ALFALFA PLANT WITH ROOTS EIGHT FEET LONG

NEXT in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass," said Senator John J. Ingalls. Alfalfa, which came as an antidote for booms and drought in the Middle West, must be reckoned equally as lavish in beneficence as grass. It is the cornerstone upon which is being built the unfailing prosperity of the Western farmer. With its never-failing four and five crops a year; its tonnage greater than that of any other forage plant; its wonderful fattening qualities for cattle and swine; its value as a feed for bees and poultry; its perennity, covering a quarter of a century; its ability to withstand drought and hot winds because of its roots which bore down until they find water, it is the wonder of Western agriculture.

In the less productive regions of Western Kansas and Nebraska, Eastern Colorado, Wyoming and Arizona, land formerly thought to be suitable only for grazing has been given an agricultural value by reason of the large alfalfa yields. Already in many of the "short grass" counties of Western Kansas and Nebraska thousands of acres are being raised and fed to cattle, sheep and hogs with large profit. Many who have looked upon irrigation as the only means of putting such lands on a paying basis now say "alfalfa is the way out."

The rapid increase of alfalfa cultivation is probably unequaled by any other product of the soil. In less than half a century, and for the most part in the last decade, it has become a factor in agriculture and has been largely responsible for the upbuilding of the extensive dairy industry in the Middle West. In many localities the profits realized by turning alfalfa into beef and pork would read almost like the startling stories that came out of the Klondike a few years ago. Alfalfa butter is shipped to New York by the train-load; alfalfa-fed chickens and turkeys fill cars that go to Boston; the best chops on the breakfast-table of the Philadelphian are alfalfa-fed.

Nothing "New Fangled" About Alfalfa

AT FIRST farmers were disposed to look upon alfalfa as they had learned to look upon new-fangled "patent" windmills and lightning rods—a thing to be avoided. The general belief was that it was a new and untried product, but in reality it is older than the Christian era. It was grown in Greece as early as 450 B. C. Cincinnatus, the patrician farmer, may have been plowing for alfalfa, in his fields across the Tiber, when he was called upon to don his toga and become dictator. The horses of the Roman army were fed upon it and it is still cultivated in Italy. The Latin races at first had a monopoly on the cultivation of it. From Italy it was introduced into Spain, then Southern France. The Spaniards carried it to South America and to Mexico. It was grown in many of the Northern countries of Europe and was known in New York in 1820; but it did not gain a foothold in the United States until 1854, when it was introduced from Chili to California. Since then its march eastward across the country has been steady, until it is now grown, more or less extensively, in every State and Territory in the Union.

Alfalfa has been the text of agricultural revivals. It has been preached and taught at the Farmers' Grange meetings and at the agricultural colleges. Captain J. H. Churchill, of Dodge City, Kansas, was given the title of

NINE MOWERS, EIGHT-FOOT CUT, AT WORK ON WATSON'S RANCH, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

"The Alfalfa King" because of his untiring efforts in spreading the gospel of the new forage plant. He had been a sailor on the Atlantic seaboard and his experience as a farmer had been of a few years, yet he was one of the first to discover the adaptability of alfalfa to Kansas soil and to champion its cause among farmers with years of experience. He owns a ranch of 2000 acres and an extensive dairy, and his alfalfa fed milch cows furnish the milk and cream used on a large part of the Santa Fe dining-car and eating-house system. When he was recently elected president of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, in recognition of his services to the farming interests of his State, Kansas had nearly 400,000 acres of alfalfa, an increase of 350,000 acres in a dozen years.

Some Alfalfa Statistics

IT WAS not until the taking of the census in 1900 that the statisticians recognized alfalfa. This census gives the total acreage as 2,094,011 and the tonnage of the product as 5 522,671. The tonnage per acre for all the States ranged from 1.0 to 3.4, the lowest being in Rhode Island, where but two acres were raised, and the greatest being in Washington, where 35,166 acres were grown. The general average was 2 5 per acre.

The census gave Colorado first place with 455,237 acres, California second with 298,898 acres, Utah third with 268,229 acres, Kansas fourth with 267,378 acres, Idaho fifth with 160,029 acres, Nebraska sixth with 115,142 acres, Nevada seventh with 96,725 acres, Wyoming eighth with 74,688 acres, Montana ninth with 68,959 acres, and Arizona tenth with 62,585 acres. Since the compiling of the census the acreage has been greatly enlarged, and in 1903 it is safe to say that Kansas will have 400,000 acres. In Nebraska the acreage has been increased annually by 10,000 to 12,000 acres, and in Colorado the demand for the hay as a winter feed for cattle and sheep has been an incentive for the sowing of many thousands of acres each year

As a feed for the dairy cow it has no superior. Dairymen in the West say that in the future the alfalfa fed cow will set the price for butter for the entire country. The quality of butter produced from it is superior. Herds of cattle cannot be turned into the fields to graze as there is danger of what the farmers call "bloat," and cattle, after eating the green rank growth too freely have died in a few hours. It can be safely fed from the stack. The stock and dairy men have talked for years of the much-sought-after "balanced ration." Alfalfa solves the problem, for stock will eat just enough of it along with grain. Analyses of bran and alfalfa have shown that they have a composition nearly the same. Horses pastured on the fields in the spring and summer and fed the hay in the winter keep in the best of condition. Hogs thrive in the fields and experiments have shown a ton of the hay to make 868 pounds of pork. Lambs can be fattened for the market in less time and with greater profit on alfalfa than on any other feed. It is an excellent feed for beef cattle and adds weight quickly and cheaply.

At Kearney, the centre of the industry in Nebraska, Mr. H. D. Watson, one of the recognized authorities on the subject, owns an alfalfa farm of 2500 acres where the plant grows as rank as weeds. The roadsides are lined with it. Mr. Watson took ground which had been planted to corn for years and years until it was "worn out." He sowed it to alfalfa. He proved to the farmers that the value of the rotation of crops was not a theory but a fact. From land that had become worthless for corn he harvested three tons of alfalfa the second year. He had faith in alfalfa and he saved the farmers in the vicinity of Kearney, who had lost heart because their worn-out land would not yield corn. A Western boom had broken and left its effect. A half dozen years ago a farmer, who was ready to give up, took Mr. Watson's advice. He sowed twenty-two and one-half acres to alfalfa. In 1902 he sold 1000 bushels of seed for $1000 and the hay for $450. At Kearney the people call alfalfa "the greatest income-producer, mortgage-lifter and debt-paying crop grown.

William Scully, of Washington, D. C., who owns 200,000 acres of farm land in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Illinois, requires in his leases that the tenants on his farms raise a fair acreage of alfalfa. He believes in the crop and feels certain that by raising it his tenants will not only improve his lands but that his rents will be forthcoming. Frank Rockefeller, the Cleveland millionaire, has 500 acres of alfalfa on his ranch in Kiowa County, Kansas.

Alfalfa, or lucern, is one of the plants belonging to the order of *Leguminosæ*. Botanically it is known as *Medicago sativa*. The same order includes peas, beans, clover and vetch. It has been demonstrated that in association with bacterial organisms, alfalfa has the power of utilizing the nitrogen of the air, a most important element in plant food, easily exhausted from the soil and difficult to replace. It requires three years for the plant to reach its prime, and twenty-five years, with three to five cuttings annually, have left the fields in excellent condition, although the decline may be expected in ten years.

Roots That Dig Their Own Wells

ALFALFA sends its roots to where there is no drought. An eight year-old plant, in a stiff "hard-pan" subsoil, has been followed for a depth of ten feet without the end of the tap root being found. Many instances have been recorded of the roots penetrating thirty-eight feet and sixty-six feet. A mining tunnel was excavated in Nevada one hundred and twenty-nine feet below an alfalfa field and the roots of the plants were found in the roof of the opening. The searching roots not only obtain food far below the shallow feeding plants but when the large boring roots decay they leave their own fertilizing ingredients and openings for air and water to penetrate. Alfalfa thrives best in the sandy loams of the creek and river valleys in a warm climate with only a moderate rainfall, but it is grown successfully on the uplands and prairies. It grows in altitudes from 8000 feet down to sea level, but is seriously affected by cold, wet winters. A plant eighteen years old, with three hundred and thirty-four stems growing from one root, with a height of fifty-two inches above the ground, is the product of a Kansas field. During 1901, an extremely dry year, five cuttings were made on an eleven-acre field in Montgomery County, of the same State. The five cuttings aggregated fourteen feet two inches in height and the average yield was seven and three-fourths tons per acre. The cuttings yielded as follows: first, May 11, two and one half tons; second, June 24, two tons; third, July 21, one ton; fourth, August 27, one and one-half tons; fifth, October 19, three-fourths of a ton. Cutting helps alfalfa the same as plucking the blossoms increases the flowering of sweet-pea vines.

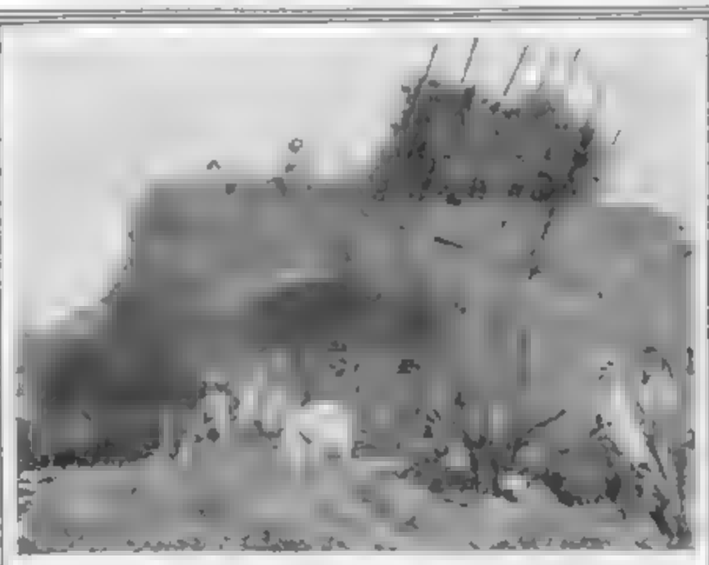
The First of Forage Plants

AN EXPERIMENT made by the Nebraska Experimental Station at Lincoln, to show the comparative yields of forage plants and tame grasses, proved that the yield of one cutting of alfalfa was from four to six times greater than the others. The experiment gave the yields per acre as follows June clover, 2365 pounds; Mammoth clover, 2375 pounds; Alsike clover, 2065 pounds; alfalfa (first cutting), 4080 pounds; blue grass, 2875 pounds; orchard grass, 2390 pounds; timothy grass, 2800 pounds; red top grass, 2350 pounds; meadow fescue, 1875 pounds; tall meadow oat grass, 3000 pounds; timothy, blue grass and orchard grass together, 1015 pounds. This gave alfalfa first place by 1080 pounds over its nearest competitor, the oat grass, but this was only the first cutting for the alfalfa field and two cuttings followed, while the other fields were not cut the second time. With the three cuttings, and a fourth crop estimated at 1800 pounds, the alfalfa field yielded 12,720 pounds, or six and one-half tons per acre. The next best record was a ton and a half.

Bees make the best of honey from the nectar of the purple alfalfa blossoms. With the cultivation of the crop on the prairie farms came the apiaries. Bee-hives are now to be found where a few years ago bees were unthought of. Some place the qualities of the blossoms as a feed for bees above the buckwheat, and red and white clover blossoms. In a country where the crop is grown extensively bees have been known to have a continual feed from May 10 to October 16. The flow is normally from June to October. Alfalfa is also considered an excellent feed for poultry. The leaves are valuable to color the yolk of eggs in winter.

In California alfalfa has been cultivated extensively for many more years than in the Middle States. Many wonderful stories are told of profits made in that State from the fields under irrigation. One is of a field of twenty-five acres which yielded over $2000 worth of hay in one year. On the Pacific Coast the first crop is often harvested in April and the last in November. In the San Joaquin Valley the feeding of 350 cows on 500 acres has been claimed. California, Utah and Colorado are the only States where the crops are grown extensively under irrigation. In Colorado the winter feeding of sheep on alfalfa hay has become a gigantic industry.

STACKING ALFALFA AT KEARNEY, WHERE IT IS CALLED "THE GREATEST INCOME PRODUCER, MORTGAGE-LIFTER AND DEBT-PAYING CROP"



STACKING ALFALFA IN COLORADO

A KANSAS ALFALFA FIELD—THE FIRST CROP IN STACK AND THE SECOND CROP READY FOR THE REAPERS FORTY DAYS AFTER THE FIRST CUTTING

ALL THE MISERY AND LONGING OF MONTHS WENT OUT IN THAT LETTER

The Awakening of George Raymond

By Lloyd Osbourne

CHAPTER III

RAYMOND saw a great deal of Miss Latimer in the month before they sailed. Quintan took him constantly to the house, where in his capacity of humble and devoted comrade the tall quartermaster was always welcome and made much of. Mrs. Quintan was alive to the value of this attached follower who might be trusted to guard her son in the perils that lay before him. She treated him as a sort of cross between a valet, a nurse and a poor relation, asking him all sorts of intimate questions about Howard's socks and underclothing and holding him altogether responsible for the boy's welfare. Her tone was one of anxious patronage, touching at times on a deeper emotion, when she often broke down and cried. The quartermaster was greatly moved by her trust in him. The tears would come to his own eyes and he would try in his awkward way to comfort her, promising that so far as it lay with him, Howard should return safe and sound. In his self-abnegation it never occurred to him that his own life was as valuable as Howard Quintan's. He acquiesced in the understanding that it was his business to get Howard through the war unscratched at whatever risk or peril to himself.

Those were wonderful days for him. To be an intimate of that splendid household, to drive behind spanking bays with Miss Latimer by his side, to take tea at the Waldorf with her and other semi divine beings—what a dazzling experience for the ex-clerk whose lines so recently had lain in such different places. Innately a gentleman, he bore himself with dignity in this new position, with a fine simplicity and self-effacement that was not lost on some of his friends. His respect for them all was unbounded. For the mother, so majestic, so awe-inspiring; for Howard, that handsome boy whose exuberant Americanism was untouched by any feeling of caste; for Melton and Hubert Henry, his brothers, those lordly striplings of a lordly race; for Miss Latimer, who in his heart of hearts he dared call Christine, and who to him was the embodiment of everything adorable in women. Yes, he loved her; confessed to himself that he loved her; humbly and without hope, with no anticipation of anything more between them, overcome, indeed, that his presumption should go thus far.

He did not attempt to hide his feeling for her, and though too shy for any expression of it and withheld besides by the utter impossibility of such a suit, he betrayed himself to her in a thousand artless ways. He asked for no higher happiness than to sit by her side, looking into her face and listening to her mellow voice. He was thrice happy were he privileged to touch her hand in passing a teacup. Her gentleness and courtesy, her evident consideration, the little peeps she gave him into a nature gracious and refined beyond anything he had ever known, all transported him with unreasoning delight.

She, on her part, so accustomed to play a minor rôle herself in her sister's household, was yet too much a woman not to like an admirer of her own. She took more pains with her dress, looked at herself more often in the glass than she had done in years. It was laughable; it was absurd; and she joined as readily as any one in the mirth that Raymond's devotion excited in the family, but deep down within her she was pleased. At the least it showed she had not grown too old to make men love her; it was the vindication of the mounting years; the time, then, had not yet come when she had ceased altogether to count. She had lost her nephews, who were growing to be men; the love she put by so readily when it was in her reach seemed now more precious as she beheld her faded and diminished beauty, the crow's-feet about her eyes, her hair turning from brown to gray. A smothered voice within her said: "Why not?"

She analyzed Raymond narrowly in the long tête à têtes they had together. She drew him out, encouraging and pressing him to tell her everything about himself. She was always apprehending a jarring note, the inevitable sign of the man's coarser clay, of his commoner upbringing, the clash of his caste on hers. But she was struck instead by his inherent refinement, by his unformulated instincts of well doing and honor. He was hazy about the use of oyster-forks, had never seen a finger-bowl, committed before her eyes a dozen little solecisms which he hastened to correct by frankly asking her assistance, but in the true essentials she never had to feel any shame for him. Clumsy, diffident, ignorant of all the social amenities, he was yet a gentleman.

The night before they were to sail he came to say good-by. The war had at last begun in earnest; men were falling; and the Spaniards were expected to make a desperate and bloody resistance. It was a sobering moment for every one, and in all voices, however hard they tried to make them brave and gay, there ran an undercurrent of solemnity. Howard and Raymond were to be actors in that terrible drama not yet played; stripped and powder-blackened at their guns they were perhaps doomed to go down with their ship and find their graves in the Caribbean Sea. Before them lay untold possibilities of wounds and mutilation, of disease, suffering and horror. What woman that knew them could look on unmoved at the sight of these men, so grave and earnest, so quietly resolute, so deprecatory of anything like braggadocio or overconfidence. It filled Christine Latimer with a fierce pride in herself and them, in a race that could breed men so gentle and so brave; in a country that was founded so surely on the devoted hearts of its citizens.

She was crying as Raymond came in to her later the same evening and found her sitting in the far end of the drawing room with the lights turned low. They were alone together, for Howard was with his mother and his brothers gathered in a farewell group about the library fire. Miss Latimer took both of Raymond's hands, and with no attempt to disguise her sorrow, drew him close beside her on the divan. She was overflowing with pity for this poor fellow whose life had been so hard, in which until now there had been neither love nor friends, whose only human tie was to his mother and to her. Had he known it he might have put his arms about her, kissed her tear-swollen eyes and drawn her head against his breast.

She was filled with a pent-up tenderness for him; a word, and she would have discovered what was until then inarticulate in her bosom. But the tall quartermaster was withheld from such incredible presumption. Her beautiful gown against his common serge typified as it were the gulf between them. Her distress, her agitation were in his mind due to her concern for Howard Quintan; and he told her again and again, with manly sincerity, that he would take good care of her boy.

She knew he loved her. It had been plain to her for weeks past. She knew every thought in his head as he sat there beside her, thrilled with the touch of her hands and in the throes of a respectful rapture.

Again and again the avowal was on his lips; he longed to tell her how dear she was to him; it would be hard to die with that unsaid were he to be amongst those who never returned. It never occurred to him that she might return his love. A woman like her! She could easily have helped him out. More than once she was on the point of doing so. But the woman in her rebelled at the thought of taking what was the man's place. She had something of the exaggerated delicacy of an old maid. It was for him to ask, for her to answer; and the precious moments slipped away. At last, greatly daring, he managed to blurt out the fact that he wanted to ask a favor.

Her hands tightened on his.

"A favor?" she said.

"Won't you give me something," he said timidly, "some little thing to take with me to remember you by?"

She replied she would with pleasure. She wanted him to remember her. What was it that he would like?

"There is nothing I could refuse you," she said, smiling.

Raymond was overcome with embarrassment. She saw him looking at her hair; her hair which was her greatest beauty, and which when undone was luxuriant enough to reach her waist. He had often expressed his admiration for it.

"What would you like?" she asked again.

"Oh, anything," he faltered. "A—a book!"

She could not restrain her laughter. A book! She laughed and laughed. She seemed carried away by an extraordinary merriment. Raymond thought he had never heard a woman laugh like that before. It made him feel very badly. He wondered what it was that had made his request so ridiculous. He thanked his stars he had held his tongue about the other thing. Ah, what a fool he had been. He could not have borne it had the other been received with the same derision.

"I shall give you my prayer-book," she said at last, wiping her eyes and looking less amused than he had expected. "I've had it many years and value it dearly. It is prettily bound in Russia, and if you carry it in the proper place romance will see that it stops a bullet—though a Bible, I believe, is the more correct."

Somehow her tone sounded less cordial. She had withdrawn her hands, and her humor, at such a moment, jarred on him. In spite of his good resolutions he had managed to put his foot into it, after all. Perhaps she had begun to suspect his secret and was displeased. He departed feeling utterly wretched and out of heart, and he got very scant comfort from his book, for it only reminded him of how seriously

—REPEATING "AND VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH MY BOY"

Editor's Note—This is the second and concluding installment of this story.

he had compromised himself. He was in two minds whether or not to send it back, but decided not to do so in fear lest he might give fresh offense. The next day at dawn the Casco sailed for the scene of war

CHAPTER II

THEN followed the animating days of the blockade; the first landing on Cuba; the suspense and triumph attending Cervera's capture; El Caney; San Juan Hill; Santiago; and the end of the war. Howard Quintan fell ill with fever and was early invalided home; but Raymond stayed to the finish, an obscure spectator, often an obscure actor, in that world drama of fleets and armies. Tried in the fire his character underwent some noted changes. He developed unexpected aptitudes, became a marksman of big guns, showed resource and skill in boat-work, earned the repeated commendations of his superiors. He put his resolution to the test, and emerged surprised, thankful and satisfied to find that he was a brave man. He rose in his own esteem; it was borne in on him that he had qualities that others often lacked; it was inspiriting to win a reputation for daring, fearlessness and responsibility

He wrote when he could to his mother and Miss Latimer, and at rare intervals was sometimes fortunate enough to hear in turn from them. His mother was ill; the strain of his absence and danger was telling on her enfeebled constitution she said she could not have got along at all had it not been for Miss Latimer's great kindness. It seemed that the old maid was her constant visitor, bringing her flowers, taking her drives, comforting her in the dark hours when her courage was spent. "A good and noble woman," wrote the old lady, "and very much in love with my boy"

That line rang in Raymond's head long afterward. He read it again and again, bewildered, tempted and yet afraid to believe it true, moved to the depths of his nature, at once happy and unhappy in the gamut of his doubts. It could not be possible. No, it could not be possible. Standing at the breech of his gun, his eyes on a Spanish gunboat they had driven under the shelter of a fort, he found himself repeating: "*And very much in love with my boy. And very much in love with my boy.*" And then, suddenly becoming intent again on the matter in hand, he lent a twist to the breech-mechanism and gave the enemy a six-inch shell that tore him fore and aft

Then there came the news of his mother's death. As much a victim of the war as any stricken soldier or sailor at the front, she was numbered on the roll of the fallen. The war had killed her as certainly, as surely, as any Mauser bullet sped from a tropic thicket. Raymond had only the consolation of knowing that Miss Latimer had been with her at the last and that she had followed his mother to the grave. Her letter, tender and pitiful, filled him with an inexpressible emotion. His little world now held but her

This was the last letter he was destined to receive from her. The others, if there were others, all went astray in the chaotic confusion attendant on active service. The poor quartermaster, when his ship was so lucky as to take a mail aboard, grew accustomed to be told that there was nothing for him. He lost heart and stopped writing himself. What was the use? he asked. Had she not abandoned him? The critical days of the war were over; peace was assured; the victory won, the country was already growing forgetful of the victors Such were his moody reflections as he paced the deck, hungry for the word that never came. Yes, he was forgotten. There could be no other explanation of that long silence. He was forgotten!

He returned in due course to New York and was paid off and mustered out of the service. It was dusk when he boarded an uptown car and stood holding to a strap, jostled and pushed about by the unheeding crowd. Already jealous of his uniform he felt a little bitterness to see it regarded with such scant respect. He looked out of the windows at the lighted streets and wondered whether any of those hurrying thousands cared a jot for the men who had fought and died for them The air, so sharp and chill after the tropics, served still further to dispirit him and add the concluding note of depression to his home-coming. He got off the car and walked down to Fifth Avenue, holding his breath as he drew near the Quintans' house. He rang the bell. Waited and rang again. Then at last the door was unlocked and opened by an old woman

"Is Miss—Mrs. Quintan at home?" he asked.

"Gone to Europe," said the old woman.

"But Miss Latimer?" he persisted.

"Gone to Europe," said the old woman.

"Mr. Howard Quintan?"

"Gone to Europe!"

He walked slowly down the steps, not even waiting to ask for their address abroad nor when they might be expected to return. They had faded into the immeasurable distance What more was there to be said or hoped? And his dejected heart gave back the answer: Nothing. He slept that night in a cheap hotel. The next day he bought a suit of civilian clothes and sought the office of the auditor's department Here he received something more like a welcome. Many of the clerks with whom he had scarcely been on nodding terms now came up and shook him warmly by the hand. The superintendent sent for him and told him that his place had been held open, hinting, in the exuberance of the moment, at a slight increase of salary. The assistant superintendent made much of him and invited him out to luncheon The old darky doorkeeper greeted him like a long-lost parent. Raymond went back to his desk and resumed, with a sort of melancholy satisfaction, the interrupted routine of twenty years. In a week he could hardly believe he had ever quitted his desk. He would shut his eyes and wonder whether the war had not been all a dream. He looked at his hands and asked himself whether they indeed had pulled the lanyards of cannon, lifted loaded projectiles, had held the spokes of the leaping wheel. His eyes, now intent on figures, had they in truth ever searched the manned decks of the enemy or trained the sights that had blown Spanish blockhouses to the four winds of Heaven? Had it been he or his ghost who had stood behind the Nordenfeldt shields with the bullets pattering against the steel and stinging the air overhead? He or his ghost, barefoot in the sand that sopped the blood of fallen comrades, the ship shaking with the detonation of her guns, the hoarse cheering of her crew reechoing in his half-deafened ears? A dream, yes—tragic and wonderful, filled with wild, bright pictures; incredible, yet true!

He was restless and lonely. He dreaded his evenings which he knew not how to spend; dreaded the recurring Sunday, interminable in duration, whose leaden hours seemed never to reach their end. His only solace was in his work, which took him out of himself and prevented him from thinking. He made a weekly pilgrimage past the Quintans' house. The blinds were always drawn. It was as dead as one of those Cuban mills, standing in the desolation of burned fields Once, greatly daring, and impelled by a sudden impulse, he went to the door and requested the address of his friends

"Grand Hotel, Vevey, Switzerland."

He repeated the words to himself as he went back to his boarding-house; repeated them again and again like a child going on an errand—*Grand Hotel, Vevey, Switzerland*—in a sort of panic lest he might forget them. He tossed that night in his bed in a torment of indecision. Ought he to write? Ought he to take the risk of a reply, courteous and cold, that he felt himself without the courage to endure? Or was it not better to put an end to it altogether and accept like a man the inevitable no of her decision?

He rose at dawn, and lighting the gas went back to bed with what paper he could lay his hands on He had no pen, no ink, only the stub of a pencil he carried in his pocket. How it flew over the ragged sheets under the fevered spell of his determination! All the misery and longing of months went out in that letter. Withheld no longer, he found the expression of a passionate and despairing eloquence. He could not live without her he loved her; he had always loved her; before he had been daunted by the inequality between them, but now he must speak or die. At the end he asked her, in set, old-fashioned terms, whether or not she would marry him

He mailed it as it was, in odd sheets and under the cover of an official envelope of the railroad company. He dropped it into the box and walked away, wondering whether he wasn't the biggest fool on earth and the most audacious; and yet stirred and trembling with a strange satisfaction. After all, he was a man; he had lived as a man should, honorably and straightforwardly; he had the right to ask such a question of any woman and the right to an honest and considerate answer. Be it yes or no, he could reproach himself no longer with perhaps having let his happiness slip past him. The matter would be put beyond a doubt forever, and if it went against him, as in the bottom of his heart he felt assured it would, he should try to bear it with what fortitude he might. She would know that he loved her. There was always that to comfort him—she would know that he loved her

"DID YOU REALLY WANT ME?" SHE SAID

He got a postal guide and studied out the mails. He learned the names of the various steamers, the date of their sailing and arriving, the distance of Vevey from the sea. Were she to write on the same day she received his letter he might hear from her by the Touraine. Were she to wait a day her answer would be delayed for the Normandie. All this, if the schedule was followed to the letter and bad weather or accident did not intervene. The shipping news became the only part of the newspaper he read. He scanned it daily with anxiety. Did it not tell him of his letter speeding overseas? For him no news was good news, warning him that all was well. He kept himself informed of the temperature of Paris; the temperature of Nice; and worried over the floods in Belgium.

Then came the time when his letter was calculated to arrive In his mind's eye he saw the Grand Hotel at Vevey, a Waldorf Astoria set in snowy mountains, with attendant Swiss yodelling on inaccessible summits, or getting marvels of melody out of little hand-bells, or making cuckoo clocks in top-swollen châlets. The letter would be brought to her on a silver salver, exciting perhaps the stately curiosity of Mrs. Quintan and questions embarrassing to answer. It was a pity he used that railroad envelope! Or would it lie beside her plate at breakfast, as clumsy and unrefined as himself, amid a heap of scented notes from members of the nobility. Ah, if he could but see her face and read his fate in her eyes!

When he returned home that night there was a singular-looking telegram awaiting him on the hall table. His hands shook as he took it up, for it suddenly came over him that it was a cable. It had never occurred to him that she might do this; that there was anything quicker than the mail.

Sailing by Touraine, arriving sixth

CHRISTINE LATIMER

(Concluded on Page 22)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Fast living makes a slow liver.

¶ Blind fools go into blind pools.

¶ Religion is of two kinds—deeds and creeds.

¶ Many persons mistake themselves for personages.

¶ The servant question: Will she stay a whole week?

¶ The keenest critic of the sculptor is the stone-cutter.

¶ The blind man's dog despises the frivolity of other dogs.

¶ A man never catches up with his good intentions for to-morrow.

¶ A man never brags about that of which he has good reason to be proud.

¶ None but the brave deserve the bear—and President Roosevelt has gone West.

¶ People will be illogical. The longer the day the shorter they like the sermon.

¶ Buying a new baby-grand for the music-room doesn't help solve the race suicide question.

¶ Practical philosophy is not to want anything enough to be disappointed when you don't get it.

¶ An anomaly, my son, is a newspaper that asks for advertisements and yet refuses to advertise itself.

¶ Venezuela must be advertised even if Castro has to resign for all the editions of the afternoon papers.

¶ Engaged young people should remember that of engagements only fifteen per cent. end in marriage.

¶ Fashion has decreed another shirtwaist season and sweltering man wonders when he will get woman's rights.

¶ Circumstances are the nails on which the weak hang their failures, but with which the strong clinch their successes.

¶ Manners improve. There is nothing in the records to show that the passengers on the ark adopted resolutions praising Noah's seamanship.

¶ When the House of Representatives has completed its plans for the taking of roll-calls by the use of electric buttons and annunciators, the Senate might keep up the good work by installing a phonograph to succeed Senator Morgan.

Doubling the Navy Without Cost

THE traveler who sat down by a river and waited for the water to flow by has been vindicated. The Senate sat down by the stream of Mr. Morgan's eloquence, and at last its patience has been rewarded by a miracle. The seemingly exhaustless flood has trickled to an end. The Panama Canal treaty is ratified.

That means, among many other far-reaching effects, a form of naval expansion to which neither the friends nor the opponents of great armaments can take exception. By enabling us to shift our fleets from the Atlantic to the Pacific at need it increases the strength of our navy by fifty per cent. without calling for a dollar for new ships. At the same time it is a productive investment, worth even more in peace than in war.

Even England, whose existence as a great Power depends upon her fleet, is beginning to take fright at the appalling expense of the new international race for mighty navies. In introducing the estimate of $180,000,000 for naval expenses for the coming year, the greatest ever known in peace or war, and equivalent to the entire cost of the Panama Canal, the Secretary of the Admiralty felt compelled to express the hope that some way might be found of keeping these gigantic unproductive expenses within limits.

One way of reaching that desirable end is to improve the efficiency of the fleets in existence. The Russians have revived their plan for connecting the Baltic and Black Seas by a ship canal, which at the moderate expense of less than a hundred million dollars will open a waterway twelve hundred miles long through the heart of the empire and double the efficiency of the Russian fleet. With such a thoroughfare in existence a Russian squadron blockaded before St. Petersburg could emerge in the Black Sea. It would be equivalent to a dozen new battleships, and yet its cost would not be an unproductive expenditure. It would be paying its way in time of peace.

The French have a similar plan for a ship canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, and what the Kiel Canal has done for the naval strength of Germany need not be repeated. But the best opportunity in the whole world for the reinforcement of national defense by inland waterways is right here on the Atlantic coast of the United States. The enlargement of the Delaware and Raritan and Delaware and Chesapeake Canals to ship-canal size would cost less than a single annual appropriation for new war-vessels, and it would be worth more to us strategically than twenty battleships. With such a passage open, a fleet in New York harbor would have four available exits—by Long Island Sound, by Sandy Hook, by the Delaware and by the Chesapeake—and the combined navies of the world could not blockade it. A little additional expense would open a fifth exit through Albemarle Sound. There are no engineering difficulties anywhere on the route, and such an inland waterway would pay for itself over and over again if no shot were ever fired. Think of being able to ship freight from New York to Philadelphia across New Jersey in an ocean steamer, and then by another short cut to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond.

Spring Chickens of the Thirties

IN THIS age of young men it is well to remember those who have carried their youth beyond threescore years and who are leaders and workers in the life and thought of the times. There are men who never grow old. They defeat age by the force of their activities.

Many of them are reaching new birthday anniversaries this spring. Take, for instance, two of the most remarkable: Grover Cleveland, sixty-six on the eighteenth of March, and J. Pierpont Morgan, sixty-six on the seventeenth of April. No one will question the right of each to preeminence, and they illustrate some very interesting phases of American life. Cleveland, owing to the circumstances that attend the work of a pastor as the breadwinner of the family, received only a preparatory school education. Morgan, the able son of a wealthy father, got the best that the schools of his own country and the universities of Germany could furnish. Speculating upon the future of the two young men, of almost equal age, the opinion would have been practically unanimous that the banker's son would reach higher in public life and the preacher's son of necessity would plod his way upward in business. But fortune has a way of reversing the guesses of mankind, and in this case the one became the astonishing financial figure of the century and the other was twice elected to the greatest office in the world.

There is another interesting fact. Some would suppose that Mr. Cleveland, in viewing what he had accomplished with a limited education, would be a champion of the early quitting of textbooks. And yet we find him one of the most powerful pleaders for the value of a college training that the country has ever known, and he has his largest happiness in the shadow of a great university to which he devotes much of his attention. There is no reversal of sentiment in the case of Mr. Morgan, so far as education goes, for it will be recalled that he has surrounded himself in his work with men of university experience. This agreement of view is another expression of the general conviction that the best asset of a young man nowadays is a college education.

In the springs of the thirties some charm seemed to have been at work among the new-born. We find in the list of those who are meeting new birthdays at this season such men as Chauncey M. Depew, sixty-nine on April 22; Wayne MacVeagh, seventy on April 19; President Eliot, sixty-nine on March 20; John Burroughs, sixty-six on April 3, Ambassador Horace Porter, sixty-six on April 15; Bishop Coleman, sixty-six on May 3; Bishop Potter, sixty-eight on May 25—and so on until a long and notable list might be given, including many women who might not like the statistics.

Depew, MacVeagh and Porter still tell funny stories, make delightful after-dinner speeches and rise to great occasions, and there is cheerfulness and boyishness in what they think and do. John Burroughs finds more joy in Nature than even in his boyhood days. Bishop Coleman takes his summer vacation by walking in rough garb hundreds of miles through a wilderness. Bishop Potter works harder than three average men and tells a new anecdote with the chuckle of a half century ago. President Eliot keeps ahead of the swiftness of the day.

No one can accurately measure the influences that make a year or a decade fruitful of special greatness or usefulness. We only know that in the ten years from 1830 to 1840 there was an exceptional crop of babies from which came men who are making fine achievements in life, and who have in them wellsprings of cheerfulness and buoyancy. They show the advantages of a college education, but they illustrate still more forcibly the true value of work as an invigorator and renovator of the happy life. It doesn't seem at all aged to be sixty-six or seventy in these fortunate days. Thousands of our best men are that old and work long hours and do not need the doctors.

There is no reason why the decade from sixty to seventy should not be the golden span of active life. By sixty a man has had a reasonably good experience with the world; he knows its ups and downs personally or by observation; he has adequate time to test friendships, to see the fun of running for office, to change his dogmas several times, to get married more than once, and to find out that he himself does not represent the knowledge and wisdom of the whole world.

Is it Peace in Ireland?

IF IRELAND is really going to be pacified after seven hundred years the world will lose a picturesque element in literature and life. When the Irishman no longer has a hated Saxon at hand what will he do for a "scrap"?

The land bill that is to perform this miracle affects directly half a million tenants, who with their families represent a majority of the people of Ireland, and indirectly it affects the entire population. The disappearance of the landlords and the substitution of a system of peasant proprietors would transform the entire national life. If it can make Ireland a loyal member of the empire the $60,000,000 the British Government proposes to give to the enterprise will have been cheaply spent.

When the Liberals were dallying with Home Rule they always had an uneasy feeling that in the end the Tories might sneak in ahead of them, as they did in the matter of free trade. The outlook in that direction is very promising now. Of course, a land-purchase bill is not Home Rule, but if the land question can be settled the principal obstacle to Home Rule will have been removed. It was the fear that an Irish Parliament would not deal fairly with them that made the landlords fight Gladstone's scheme with the energy of desperation. It was the influence of the landlords that embittered the resistance of Ulster and stiffened the backbone of the English aristocracy. With the land question settled, Home Rule would be neither so ardently desired on one side nor so anxiously dreaded on the other.

If Saxon and Celt make up their differences in Ireland what will happen in America? It will be hard to recognize our politics without the "Irish vote" massed for the single purpose of making things uncomfortable for the British oppressor. If we should live to see several million Irish-Americans taking as much interest in keeping us on good terms with England as our other millions of German-Americans take in keeping us friends with Germany, what a queer state of things there would be! A politician of the O'Donovan Rossa and Finerty era would need a guide to help him find his way about.

Considering the strategic position of Ireland at the throat of their empire it would be well worth the while of the British authorities to pacify her at any reasonable cost, even if there were nothing more than the island itself to be taken into account. But only a quarter of the Irishmen in the world live in Ireland. The rest are in America and the British colonies. That multiplies the importance of the problem by about four.

Before the Phœnix Park murders the Tories were suspected of coquetting with Home Rule. It would not be surprising if they should take it up again, and "dish the Whigs" as they have done on more than one occasion before. But, of course, they will call it something else—"local self-government," perhaps. It is a long stride in that direction that in the preparation of their land bill they have even consented to consult Irish opinion.

SINFUL PECK

By Morgan Robertson

THE SALVORS

THE captives were released from the staterooms, Sinful Peck ironed in the lazarette, the yards swung under the direction of the bewildered first mate, and the big ship, gathering way under the faintest of quartering airs, forged slowly ahead; then, as the mutineers trooped forward, Captain Jackson leaned over the taffrail and vented his pent up rage in softly spoken, but intense, profanity. The mate approached him

"They took charge, Mr. Becker," said the Captain hotly as he turned. "They had the pistol the second mate lost, and shot him with it; then they got the drop on me, and tied me down, then they tied you and the third mate in your bunks; then they raided the cabin and got everything in the shape of a firearm that I had aboard

"They got my pistol, too," said the mate [illegible] gone to work."

"Yes, on my promise to pay 'em off at Singapore, fit 'em out with clothes, and pay their passage home by steamer Though they used to be sailors they are now—that is, the fourteen who did the business—shipowners and skippers and business men from Cleveland You see, Sinful Peck—he's a lawyer now—made a fool bet on Bryan with Seldom Helward who's a Lake captain now—and lost the bet. It was ten thousand cash or a voyage with me, or you, or Benson—any of us who hammered 'em 'round the Horn thirty years back—and Peck chose the voyage, and waited for me to strike New York Then the whole bunch came down to see Sinful off, and he paid the crimp that shipped him to shanghai 'em all. That's why they're so down on him. They've got him in irons now ostensibly for shooting Mr Brown, but really to keep him fast so that he'll have to finish the voyage. They seem to be influential men at home."

"Yes, Capt'n," came a voice from the lazarette below, "and there's where the fun comes in Just you put the bloody minded mutineers in jail; we'll make 'em finish the voyage, too."

"Shut up, down there," said the mate; and the voice subsided. Then the third mate appeared, his watery eyes blinking in anxiety

"Mr Brown's in a bad way, sir," he said to the Captain "It's risky, this hot weather What's happened, sir? He can't talk straight

"I forgot him!" exclaimed the Captain, hurrying aft

"Mutiny, Mr. Benson," said the first mate in answer to the other's query. "Had charge for a while, and the skipper made terms with 'em. But it's mutiny just the same, and that means jail."

The mate chuckled, and again the man at the wheel turned his reproving gaze around; then, putting his hands to his mouth, the man bawled

"Big Pig, lay aft here; I want to talk to you

"Here—here!" roared the first mate. "What's this——

"That will do, now—*that will do!*" interrupted the helmsman, patting the air in Mr. Becker's direction "I believe the time is just when loud language is needed from you

The mate glared hard at him, but subsided. Then Big Pig Monahan lifted his giant frame up the poop-steps and lumbered aft by the weather alley—another insult to the traditions of the sea—and with his hand on the butt of a pistol in his trousers' pocket, and his distorted eye shifting curiously from one to the other, said to the helmsman "What's up?"

"Just this, Monahan. I was at the wheel, here, and didn't take a hand; so I only know what you've bargained for by what these men say. They're going to jail us all for mutiny. Better have things down in black and white"

Big Pig mused a few moments, then answered: "Reckon that's so. He gave his word of honor, all right, but then—he's only a poor, ignorant, forgetful saltwater skipper

The Captain emerged from the after companion at this juncture, and Big Pig said to him "Hear you're going to jail us for mutiny. Now, no use talking," he raised his voice as the Captain started to speak; "get out your official

AROSE OUT OF THE WASHING WATER AND CLIMBED THE RAIL

record and enter in it that we men are exempt from the charge of mutiny and piracy

"If you doubt my given word," said Captain Jackson angrily, "let me inform you that such an entry will not hold good against your names on the articles and your being in my forecastle Under the law you are sailors or passengers

"We are passengers

"Then if you are passengers you cannot collect wages for the passage out, and I save that much for my owners."

"To the devil with your wages," said Big Pig contemptuously. "Eighteen dollars a month! We wouldn't kick for clothes only to look decent while we are drawing on our home banks."

"Very well Down it goes, and we'll all sign it."

The official log—excellent evidence in court—was produced, and in it was stated that thirteen of the ship's people, whose names were on the articles as sailors, were, to all intents and purposes, passengers assisting to take the ship into Singapore; that they were not punishable for mutiny, but were not entitled to collect wages, or other emoluments, from the ship; that Captain Jackson was to fit them out with good clothing at Singapore and pay their passage to San Francisco, and—this an afterthought of Big Pig's—pay their hotel bills and keep them supplied with moderate spending money while waiting for the banks to cash their drafts, in lieu of the wages which they relinquished. But at the suggestion of the skeptical Mr. Becker the Captain insisted on amending the last clause to read that his liability for board and spending money should cease if the banks should refuse to honor the drafts. To this Big Pig agreed, and when the Captain and the two mates had signed their names, the others came aft at his behest, and the fair white page was embellished with the following euphonious cognomens: Big Pig Monahan, Seldom Helward, General Lannigan, Yampaw Gallegher, Shiner O'Toole, Turkey Twain Jump Black, Ghost O'Brien, Gunner Meagher, Moccassey Gill, Sorry Welch, Poop-Deck Cahill and Tosser Galvin

"Now send it down here and I'll sign," came the voice from below

"Not much, my joker," said Big Pig, peering down on the speaker. "You're a signed man o' the crew, and you remain in it. All you get is the skipper's mere promise of immunity from prosecution."

"But I will say right here," said the Captain, looking around, "that the glass is falling and I expect a typhoon If we do not get in soon Mr Brown will die for lack of medical skill and in that case my promise will not avail. Peck will hang, and it may go hard with you all"

Their faces fell; and Big Pig looked questioningly around the group. One uttered the name "Sinful," and their faces lightened

"Sinful's the man," said Big Pig "Get him up here."

"Doctor Sinful Peck," he said sternly a few moments later, when the released prisoner had scrambled up from the dark lazarette, "how long did you practice in the hospitals before you took up law?"

"Three years, if it's any o' your business," answered Sinful, stiffening his small frame to full height, and blinking his round eyes

"Good enough Go down to the second mate and save his life—or hang."

"Goodness me," murmured Sinful squinting down the hatch "And I was so comfortable down there First prospect of rest this voyage, and now I must go to work again

"No joking," said Captain Jackson. "I promised not to prosecute you, and you were only ironed on the demand of these men. But if Mr. Brown dies you are up against the gallows. I cannot save you. If you have been a doctor, go down to the second mate. There is a medicine chest."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Sinful, saluting in mock respect. "Takes all trades nowadays——" But they bundled him off the poop.

He called on the steward's assistance, and two hours later soberly reported to Captain Jackson that the patient was

sleeping under opiates, that he had set the fracture, that the fever would probably be under control, but that the bullet could not be extracted with the appliances on board; it was a hospital job, and meanwhile Mr. Brown would need his undivided attention, though the steward could be spared to his duties. To which the Captain, anxious over his barometer, gave a wearied acquiescence. Then, procuring a stool and a book from Mr. Brown's room, Sinful seated himself in the shade near the forward companion door, his pipe in full blast, within sound of his patient's breathing

The air, barely moving in the morning, was still at noon, the dead stagnation only relieved by the draft from the courses as they flapped with the heave of the ship. There was a yellowish gray appearance overhead and around, and the native craft on the horizon, with the blue rising of land to the southward, distinct in each detail at daylight, were now hidden in an impalpable haze. But by four o'clock the yellow had left the sky, leaving the gray; and across this gray from west to east moved light, feathery, cirrus clouds, and the native craft were close hauled to an offshore breeze that darkened the sea with short, breaking waves and increased in fitful puffs. Captain Jackson again consulted the barometer, and called the thirteen aft. They came and surrounded Sinful, who after dinner had resumed his stool.

"Men," he said, "there is a typhoon coming and we've got to get sea-room. You are passengers, but—will you work?"

"Most certainly, Capt'n," answered Big Pig "Just give your orders."

"Count me out, gentlemen," said Sinful, arising from his stool, and turning toward the companion. "I am on special duty." He passed in, followed by withering looks.

"Very well," said the Captain. "Mr. Becker, take in the royals, and get gantlines and mast-ropes aloft to send down the upper spars, if necessary. We'll keep on this tack and shorten down only as we need."

All that night they tossed and labored. By midnight they had the ship under the three lower topsails, foresail, spencer, reefed spanker and foretopmast-staysail, and hove to, taking the short, vicious seas easily, but drifting northeast into the China Sea with the St. Esprit group a menace under the lee And by this time there was an able man less; Mr. Becker had fallen down the slippery poop-steps, spraining one ankle, breaking the other. So, Sinful had another patient in the morning, but neglected none the less his pipe, his stool and his book

At daylight sail had been further shortened by taking in the fore and mizzen topsails and reefing the foresail; and the menacing St. Esprit group, a blue blur through the spindrift, was well on the lee quarter, away from their line of drift

"We've cleared 'em on this tack," said Captain Jackson to the third mate, as he turned his tired, salt-stained face to leeward; "but we'll have to wear soon. The Tambelaus are right in the way. Hello"—he peered through the glasses "there's a steamer—caught right to windward o' the St Esprits. Look. She's steaming into it."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Benson after an inspection through the glasses. "I can range her. She's goin' ashore stern first"

"Well, we can't help her. We can't help ourselves if this don't change. Just look at that now." The Captain nodded to windward

A squall, thick with rain and the spume from truncated combers, was rushing down upon them, pressing the heaving turmoil of sea to a level, and adding a louder note to the song of the storm. The ship reeled and shivered as a mighty sea boarded the weather bow.

"Man overboard!" gasped one—it was Big Pig, half-drowned. "It took Benson off the forecastle." Big Pig clung helplessly to the main fife-rail, too weak to do more than cough the water out of his lungs, and another demoralizing sea swept over the bow. Out of this deluge Captain Jackson mounted the lee rail at the main rigging and scanned the waste of gray water to leeward. A yellow sou'wester showed for a moment a hundred feet away, then sank; but there was no sign of the unfortunate third mate Another sea—the last of the usual three, and the mightiest—broke above them and dropped aboard. It was a Niagara; it crushed in the weather side of the forward house, but left it in place; it tore men from their grips on ropes and belaying-pins, and washed them about helplessly; it surged against the lee bulwarks and rose, a moving mountain, high over the Captain's head; and it wrenched him from the rigging and bore him away, struggling weakly in his tightly buttoned coat and long rubber boots.

A few saw him go, but only one was ready for action. Sinful Peck, in his shirt-sleeves, with the end of the fore brace tied in a long bowline over his shoulder, arose out of the washing water and climbed the rail. Whether or not he had prepared that bowline for the benefit of the third mate never appeared; but it was ready, and it was the salvation of Captain Jackson. With a ringing "Stand by to haul in!" he sprang overboard, and those who climbed the rail to watch saw him swimming bravely toward what seemed nothing more than a floating oil skin coat. He reached it just as the men on deck had cleared away the last tangled coil of the forebrace, and they saw him slip the loop around the waist of the drowning Captain, and elevate his hand as a signal. The fourth and the following seas had not boarded the ship, and in the comparative tranquility resulting they hauled them to the side, where Sinful caught the main chains and climbed aboard. Then they lifted the Captain up, weak, full of water, but conscious, and some assisted him aft, while Sinful, disdainfully avoiding the hearty words and claps on his back offered by the men, made his way to his patients. But the third mate was not seen again.

"Peck, you're a man," said the Captain a little later, as he visited him in the forward companion. "But what made you—for me?"

"Dunno, Capt'n. You needed a few coals of fire on your head, I think

"Well, it's a pity there weren't more like you when the third mate went—poor devil. He's been a good man in his time, but he was old and weak. Now, I can't do much, nor say much, Peck, but I can save you some trouble. Want to be paid off, and go home with the rest?"

"Oh, no, sir. If I do I must give up ten thousand, and I can't afford it. It's a bet, you know."

"Then you'll go home in the cabin. I won't forget this in a hurry."

He offered his hand, which Sinful took, with a new and mischievous light in his eye. And when Seldom Helward, relieved from the wheel at eight bells, stopped on his way forward with an unfamiliar smile on his rugged face, and tendered him his hand in amnesty and absolution of indebtedness, Sinful declined all and waved him away.

"Want no truck with you," he declared airily. "*I'll* make good the bet."

At midday, the Tambelau Islands rising high to leeward, they wore ship, standing to the south on the starboard tack, and making sail as the wind moderated, until, as darkness closed down on the still troubled waters, the ship lay in nearly the same position as at daylight, with the St. Esprit group bearing on the opposite quarter. Captain Jackson had been scanning the nest of breakers to windward of the islands while the daylight lasted, and when he finally stowed the glasses in the companionway he remarked to himself, or the air, but loud enough to be heard by the ever-listening helmsman: "All gone but the bows and foremast; and they're raising the flag and lowering it

Forward, men were climbing up and down the fore rigging, straining their eyes at the reef; and after supper one came aft. It was Big Pig Monahan, and he sauntered up to the Captain, who was again staring through the glasses, sacrilegiously smoking a clay pipe.

"Well," said the Captain as he faced him. There was indignation in the tone; for even passengers should respect shipboard etiquette.

"People over yonder, I hear," said Big Pig, pointing with his pipe.

"I suppose so."

"When Gunner came forrard he said you saw signals."

"I did; they were running the ensign up and down; they're showing a light now." The Captain again ranged his glasses.

"Well," said Big Pig after a moment's silence.

Well, what?"

"What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" asked the Captain angrily. "What can I do?"

"Run in and take 'em off"

"It can't be done."

"It can."

"I tell you it can't, and I want no argument. I'm as willing to save life as the next man, but I'm not going to wreck my ship fooling round a reef in the night-time. How'll you get a boat over, anyhow? How'll you take men off the weather side of a hulk in this sea? And how'll you get back to the ship in the teeth of it in case you got that far?"

"We can do it—all of it. You needn't do anything but show a light. Your own life was saved to-day, when by your reasoning it could not ha' been done. Sinful's been a Lake sailor. So have the rest of us."

The Captain was silent.

"We haven't talked it over," continued Big Pig. "We didn't expect opposition. I'll see what the rest say."

He went forward, and in five minutes was back, and at his heels were the dozen other troublesome malcontents—the helmsman now being one of the more expert of the landsmen.

"Is this so, Jackson," asked Poop-Deck Cahill, his smooth, distinct articulation adding weight to the scorn and contempt in his voice, "that you, just out of the jaws of death your self, refuse to save those poor wretches down there?"

"I refuse to sanction insanity," sputtered the Captain. "I am duly grateful to those who pulled me in—more than grateful to the man who went after me. But it is quite another thing to attempt this. I know it is impossible."

"You know mighty little, when you're reduced to your lowest terms," said Seldom harshly. "You're smart enough with a crew under you that knows the work, and you're plucky enough with a handspike in your fist and a Dutchman under it. But you're the same coward who shot Monahan thirty years ago for tapping you on the nose I've a good mind to knock your teeth down your throat on general principles, you —— educated rat." He advanced threateningly, one powerful fist clenched and drawn back.

"Steady, Helward," said Big Pig "That's all off."

"You are all armed," said the Captain, shrinking back "I am not."

"Armed be hanged!" said Tosser Galvin, sidling around to windward of the Captain. "We're not bucko mates. Take that for auld lang syne, you small souled lobster." He struck Captain Jackson in the face. Then Seldom's fist shot out and he went down. Then, the example being set, they kicked him, struck him with fists as he attempted to rise and unmercifully mobbed him about his own quarter-deck, unmindful of the expostulations of Big Pig, and only desisted when he lay quiet between the lee quarter-bitt and the rail, with his hands shielding his face.

"Get up," said Poop-Deck sternly. "Consider, if it suits you better, that we are paying off scores thirty years old. We had become gentlemen since then, but in your ship have reverted to type."

"And that's entirely beside the point," said Seldom, as the Captain painfully arose to his feet. "Consider yourself again deprived of command, and ordered to stand back and forth while we go in for those poor devils on the reef. You won't shake us—you won't dare, much as you'd like to. You'll keep the riding light aloft, and wait for us."

The Captain stared around helplessly through half-closed eyes.

"You'll pay dearly for this" he said thickly. "I am master here under the law."

"And we are passengers" said Poop-Deck. "Don't forget it."

"If you change my ship's course against my wishes you are pirates."

"Now, that will do," said Big Pig. "We are life savers, and we'll meet your charges in any court in the world. We're going to get two boats out and go in to that steamer; and you're to wait for us with a light up aloft. You've got a dozen other men besides the bosuns and carpenter. That's enough to wear ship The wind's going down, and we'll be back by daylight; but you'd better not monkey with us D'ye hear?"

The Captain heard, but made no answer, and Big Pig hailed down the companion, forcefully ordering the steward to fill, trim and light the riding light—the large white lantern used by ships at anchor—and hoist it to the main truck.

Then they all trooped forward to the boats, and two—Poop-Deck and Tosser—stopped on the way and interviewed Sinful Peck, working out problems in navigation on an old log slate in the second mate's room

"Want me to go along, do you?" he said without looking up. "No; unless Captain Jackson orders me to I will not."

"All right, Sinful," said Poop-Deck; "but he won't order you. You've done well to-day, my boy, and it goes a long way toward squaring matters between you and this crowd We thought you'd like to be with us."

I don't. You are ingrates and blackguards. I refuse to mix with you."

"Why you [illegible] angrily "you only [illegible] Jackson"

"Go away from me I struck the first blow—which gave you the advantage. In return you consigned me to irons for fear I would swim ashore and escape paying my fool bet. Go away from me." They went, and he resumed his studies

Forward, they were clearing away two of the boats on the house. When each was equipped and ready they marched aft in a body and, ignoring the Captain entirely, ordered the wheel put up, and conned the ship while she ran down, with yards still braced, about a mile nearer the reef. Then they again brought the ship to and, as the wind and sea were unquestionably milder, even dared to back the main yards, not only to stop headway, but to bring an overhead support for the after boat tackles. In spite of the Captain's prophecy it was really an easy task to swing those two boats overboard, one at a time, with a man in each to unhook and to drop them back to the stern. It was done in ten minutes, and with a parting injunction to the Captain to "Keep the light lit" they swarmed down the painters, six to one boat, seven to the other, and drifted astern in the darkness

Captain Jackson watched them off, then gave the order to swing the yards—not to leave them behind, but to bring his ship more under command; for, though the wind was moderating rapidly, there was still an ugly sea heaving out of the west, and he was not far from a ragged barrier reef. He kept an eye on the riding light at the main truck, and at one o'clock wore around and stood to the northward, enjoining upon the lookouts to watch for the boats. He was angry, exasperated and exhausted, yet bound by a human sympathy past his understanding not to desert those obstreperous men, weary as he, who had fought for the privilege of a night's boat work in a heavy sea and a half gale. And so, pacing the poop and watching, with one officer lost, the other two disabled, and Sinful Peck, the one man aboard able to help him, sleeping sweetly, the tired man passed the hours, and at daylight hearkened to a hail, faint as the voice of a telephone, coming up the wind from the gray blanket to leeward.

"Shift over the yardarm tackles, Jackson," said the hail, "and overhaul one and the midship tackle down to us. Got a heavy load."

"How many?" bawled the Captain.

"None. Give us the tackles."

The main yards were backed, and the ship being now on the other tack, the tackles were shifted and overhauled down to one of the boats, while the other pulled to the stern, and caught a line thrown by the Captain

"Got there too late," said Big Pig as he climbed over the taffrail. "All washed off; but we found the purser's safe—hauled out on deck. Come on, you fellows."

They hurried past the Captain, who looked over the stern, made sure that the boat was secure and shipping no water, and then watched the work going on forward. They had already lifted a small safe by a yardarm tackle, and when it was high enough they tautened the midship tackle, slackened the other, and lowered it gently to the deck. Then they hooked on to the boat, the occupants swarmed up to the fore yard and inboard, and they lifted and stowed the boat in its place on the house as quickly and as skillfully as they had transferred the safe. By this time some had towed the second boat forward with a man in it, and when this was aboard they dragged the safe aft to the dry mizzen hatch, and Big Pig called up to the Captain: "Now, we're played out, Jackson, and mean to turn in after breakfast. You'll have to get along without us."

The Captain bowed gravely. "Go ahead," he said "I will not call you unless the ship needs you." And then, to himself: "Helpons all, but—they're seamen."

They went below, and the Captain called Sinful Peck, who had come out to inspect the safe, up to him on the poop

"Peck," he said, "I'm dead beat, and must have some sleep. Will you watch the ship, and call me if necessary?"

"Most certainly, Capt'n. Just give me the course. I'll make sail as she'll stand it, and steer the course when the wind hauls enough."

"Due west will answer until I wake up. By the way, what's their particular standing in Cleveland? Can they

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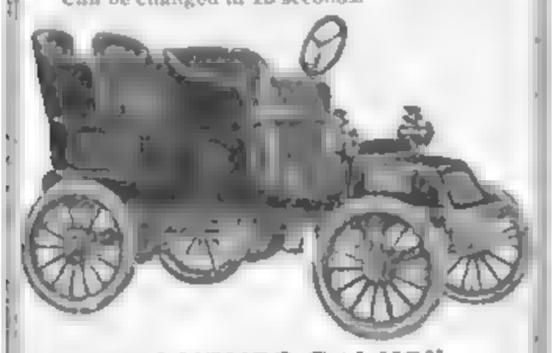

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make trouble for me in the courts? They mopped the deck with me last night, and I don't feel patient and resigned."

"They'll make no trouble, sir," said Sinful with a smile. "They'll want the whole thing hushed up, for shame's sake."

'Well, I'll keep my bargain. I'm to fit them out and send them home, you know, and also pay their expenses until they can draw on their banks. I doubt, though, that the banks will deal with them unless I speak for them, and I feel mean enough to queer the whole thing.'

He went down, and Sinful paced the deck thoughtfully

"Draw on their banks," he muttered at last. "And what a high old time they'll have in Singapore! And what high old yarns they'll spin at home!

Through the day, as his new duties and occasional attentions to his patients would permit, he continued his pacing and thinking, with the result that when Captain Jackson appeared, late in the afternoon, he listened to a tale—infamous enough to have emanated from a more sinful mind than Sinful Peck's—concerning the character and local reputation of the thirteen fellow-travelers; and it thoroughly impressed him. Sinful told it earnestly, as a duty deferred. He would save Captain Jackson from further extortion and blackmail, and would have spoken before had he been in a position to do so. The slander need not be detailed. It was given with a fidelity to the probable which would have secured places in the Rogues' Galleries of the world for the photographs of all.

The Captain believed; and so believing sailed his ship into Singapore harbor, dropped anchor, and went ashore in a native sampan.

The slandered thirteen, having done their duty by the ship in assisting her into port, washed up, and scoured their grimy hands with sand and bath-brick. They borrowed the carpenter's razor, and shaved, giving their sunburned faces villainous expressions by reason of the white patches developed under the three months' growth. They swore volubly at the Captain's delay, and finally, talking of their prospective salvage, mustered around the safe on the mizzen hatch. A proposition to open it and forestall deception and robbery by counting its contents met with general acceptance. But it was a burglar-proof safe with a combination lock. They spoke of cold chisels, pinch bars, and the carpenter's broad-ax, but none would do. And there was no dynamite on board.

"Here," said Big Pig, spying the observant Sinful—"Here we have it."

He collared him and led him to the safe. "Open that lock," he commanded. "You're a jack-of all trades."

"How can I?" said Sinful, squirming under the grip on his collar. "I don't know the combination."

"Find out. You're an expert. Get to work now, or I'll drop you overboard.

With a protesting grimace, Sinful sat down before the safe and began experimenting with the movable knob. The rest drew back, watching, and in a short time he threw open the door and arose

"Thought you could," said Big Pig. "How easy old trades come back to us, eh, Sinful!" But Sinful scorned reply.

Inside the safe were closely packed piles of English banknotes, tied up and numbered. They unloaded the whole, and counted the amounts on each wrapper as they returned it to its place. When all were packed away they stood erect with glistening eyes, and found the Captain observing them, with Sinful at his side.

"Four hundred thousand dollars if there's a cent," exclaimed Big Pig joyously, "and fully a third of it is salvage—our salvage; for I don't see how you or your crew can get any, Jackson. You forbade the job, and not a man of you did any work."

"On the contrary, Captain Monahan," said Sinful, folding his arms with all his scant stock of dignity, "any salvage which this ship has earned will be divided between her owners, her master and her crew. You are either mutineers with no standing in court, or passengers with no right to salvage."

"What!" answered Big Pig derisively, "do you mean to say that the men who manned the boats and saved this pile will be denied a share of it?"

"I do. Since planning this voyage I read up well on marine law for my own protection Did you ever hear of a steamship towing a disabled ship into port and sharing the salvage with her passengers? Why, you fools, we saved a big steamer from the Diamond Shoals thirty years ago. Was our claim allowed? We had to dodge policemen for a year. We were mutineers, and not even passengers. Captain Jackson, myself, and the rest of the legitimate crew here will take what salvage the owners don't get."

"You!" exclaimed several at once. "You, who slept through it all!"

"I was on special duty, and have since been made acting first mate. I order you forrard. Go forrard, the pack of you!"

"Wait, though," said the Captain to the nonplused men. "I have just talked with the Consul. There is something in the log which bears on this." He entered the cabin and returned with the official log.

'Come around me here, and listen," he said, opening the book. "As you may know," he continued when they had flocked to his side, "an entry in this log, duly witnessed by an officer has the value of an affidavit. It is legal testimony. Here are all your signatures, my own, and two of my officers to the matter above it, which is to the effect that you are passengers, not sailors, and that you are not entitled to wages, or other emoluments. Read it, all of you—*other emoluments.* That means that you are not entitled to salvage."

They read the fatal entry with blank faces

'Well," said Big Pig, clearing his throat, we'll see what the courts say."

'Very well; I will fight you to the last ditch and win. Had you shown any consideration for my position as master of this ship, doing my duty by my owners in forbidding what, in my judgment at the time, was an insane risk of property, I would now consider yours. But you did not scruple to assault me—unarmed as I was, and helpless—and for this you shall suffer. I will keep my agreement with you to the letter. Unless you force me I will make no charge of mutiny against you. Here are orders on the best clothier and furnisher in Singapore"—he took a bundle of papers from his pocket—' for thirteen suits of business clothing, hats shoes, shirts and underwear. And here are orders on the Hotel Flannigan for board, lodging and one English shilling a day spending-money for each of you until the banks have cashed your drafts or refused to honor them. And here are thirteen steamer tickets

"A shilling a day?" said one; "why, that won't buy drinks'

"There is no special amount specified—only 'moderate spending-money,' and that is moderate."

"Very," said Poop-Deck dryly, "as moderate as you are, Captain. And what kind of a hotel is the Hotel Flannigan?"

"A sailors' boarding-house; but it is a licensed hotel."

They looked at him with scowling faces, and an outbreak began; but Big Pig silenced it by raising his hand

"All right, Jackson. We know you better now, and there's no use in any more talk We'll take the whole thing into court, and show you up, if nothing more."

They went ashore in the same boats which took the safe and the injured mates, and disappeared from the knowledge of Sinful, who moved his goods into the first mate's room, and took up his duties in discharging cargo. A month later, when ballast had been taken in for Manila, the Captain came aboard one evening with an amused expression on his face, which also held a little of anxiety.

They're in a tight hole," he explained to Sinful. "They were so sure of their salvage that they decided to wait and get it, not knowing that the case won't be settled for a year. Their shilling a day didn't last long, nor their welcome at Flannigan's; for the banks were suspicious—the Consul warned them, you see, telling them the pedigree you gave of them—and they sold their clothes and their guns and tickets to get money to eat. They've practically starved. Flannigan told me he would ha' kept 'em in the usual way against their advance money, only there are no ships in port. Everything has been corralled by the Government for transports and colliers. And for the same reason, there are no sailors—all jumped to the Philippines. Hot times there now. I can't find a man, and that's why I listened to 'em."

"Did you ship them?" asked Sinful.

"Be aboard in the morning. Signed 'em 'fore the Consul. Are you up on navigation?"

"Pretty much, now."

"Well, Mr Brown and Mr. Becker won't be ready, and I'll have to leave 'em. I found a second mate ashore, and you can sign on first, if you like, for the run to Manila."

"Thank you, sir. I will with pleasure"

And the little man leaned back against the rail shaking with laughter, while tears of happiness streamed down his cheeks.

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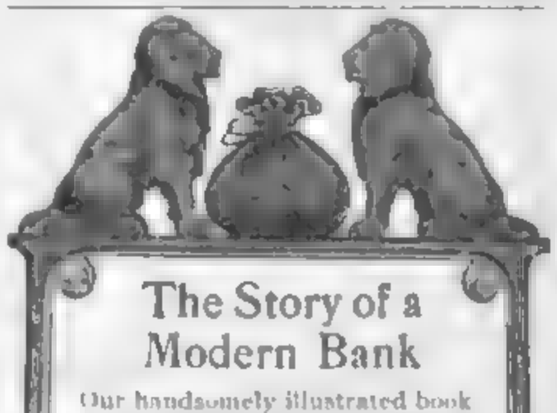

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By S. E. Kiser

XVII

I wonder if he fancies pink or blue?
  Although I'm rather dark I often think
  I'm foolish to wear nothing bright but pink.
For blue things are becoming to me, too:
I know that Teddy likes a lively hue—
  Dear Ted!—he even uses purple ink;
  But William's taste? Ah, gladly I would sink
My preference for his if I but knew.

I must contrive to always look my best,
  For men are won by looks, say what you will:
  The dear old bald-head going down the hill
Still has the little soft place in his breast,
  Still rather likes the beautiful, and still
Has eyes to notice how a girl is dressed.

XVIII

How vainly and how foolishly we plan:
  We think by subtle means to shape affairs,
  To lure the wily game within our snares,
And failure mocks us, as it only can.
Whether at Council Bluffs or Ispahan,
  Or in the orange grove or on the stairs
  We seek to play the game, she errs who dares
To fancy that she fully knows her man.

I thought, by seeming ill, to make him sad,
  And, moaning, on the office couch I fell
  I hoped that he would smooth my brow and tell
Me something tender. Oh, the shock I had!
He spoke of "whining women" and was mad—
  In future he will always find me well

XIX

Sweet patience like consistency's a jewel.
  But oh it's hard to wait, and time is pressing.
  Why will the foolish doctors keep us guessing
And putter on with nostrums and with gruel
When, after all, they but prolong the duel
  That Pain and Peace are fighting, while confessing
  Down in their hearts that death would be a blessing?
It may be scientific, but it's cruel

Why can't they let the weary soul go winging
  Its way to where angelic bands are thronging?
  Ah, surely they must know that they are wronging
The pale, exhausted sufferer by bringing
  Back to its clay the half-freed soul, prolonging
The woe that ends where Heaven's hosts are singing

XX

I'll give her clothes away; I wouldn't care
  To put on things that she had worn; I'll let
  Her relatives have what they want and get
New things made for myself: I couldn't wear
Her garments, anyway, for she's so spare
  And faded out, while I'm a deep brunette
  And I can have her jewels all reset
When she is gone and I am mistress there

He's been so glad and kind to-day: no doubt
  He sees the end approaching, sees beyond
The troubled bar a poor sail passing out,
  While in the placid offing there has dawned
Upon his gaze the graceful craft and trim
That comes with long due happiness to him.

XXI

They've given Teddy dear a little raise:
  He may turn out to be a winner yet.
  Ah, well, I'll keep him fast within the net
And let him dream of coming joyful days,
For she, alas! may fool us all. It pays
  To have a shelter handy when it's wet—
  Why cannot Fate be kind enough to let
Us now and then peer down the future ways?

Last night I paused beside Ted where he sat
  And spoke about his mother: when he rose
I reached up and adjusted his cravat
And let my fingers touch his chin, whereat
  He caught my hand and started to propose—
Dear boy, I couldn't let it come to that.

XXII

I hate the office boy. This morning when
  The world was seeming beautiful and bright
  The little imp came in and said: "Last night
I seen you doin' Teddy's tie and then
I watched you holdin' hands." I dropped my pen
  And longed to creep in somewhere out of sight
  I'd like to wring his little neck for spite
And never look upon his like again.

I know that William heard him, too, although
  He didn't look around, for I could see
His shoulders shaking up and down, and, oh,
  I wonder if his heart beat jealously?
  If what I dream of ever comes to me
The office boy shall be the first to go.

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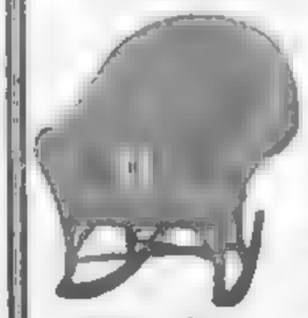

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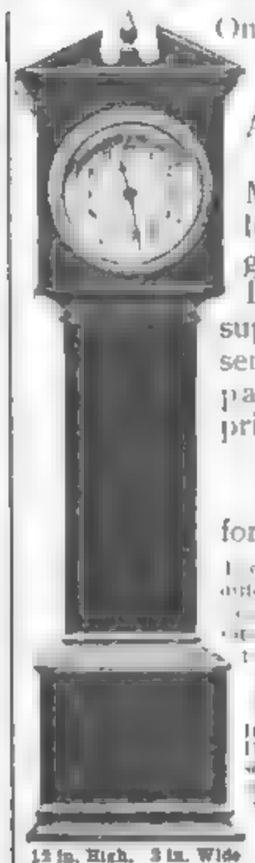

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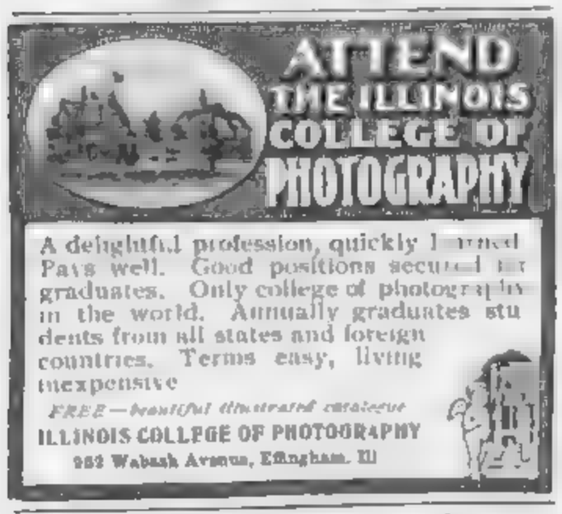

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The Castaway Brokers

(Concluded from Page 5)

fell swoop! The boasted prosperity of the republic had disappeared in a single night!

The catastrophe was so stupendous, so appalling, that for the moment they stood as if paralyzed. The President was the first one to recover the use of his stupefied mental faculties. He saw the entire financial system of the island about to be destroyed in the same calamity that had swept away its business interests.

"Stop him!" he cried. "Don't let him kill that goat! It represents the entire wealth of the republic!"

"Let him kill it!" broke in the calm voice of the Secretary of the Treasury, who was suddenly inspired with a great idea. "Let him kill it. We will then tan and cure the hide, cut it into convenient strips and store it away as collateral security for the scrip now in circulation!"

The downfall of their commerce was for the moment forgotten in their admiration for this new stroke of genius. Only one danger now beset them and this the Secretary of the Navy foresaw, in spite of the terrible blow that had fallen upon him in the loss of his second scarce-grasped fortune.

"We must follow Silas, then," he said, "and see that he does not throw the carcass into the sea!"

With this idea in mind they tore, in hot haste, through the strip of forest which separated New Chicago from the ocean.

VII

ON THE beach a surprise awaited them. They found Silas looking intently out to sea and the forgotten goat browsing peacefully at the edge of the wood.

"My eyes are a little dim without my specs," said Silas, "but that looks mighty like a boat out there!"

And it was a boat! A tiny boat with a bit of white cloth fluttering at its prow, and it was drifting straight for the island. Presently the solitary occupant stood up and wildly waved the bit of cloth in answer to their cheers.

It was a woman!

The cheers suddenly ceased, and every man gave a hasty glance at his hands and his clothes. The boat came near enough for them to make out the features of the shipwrecked woman.

She was young and pretty.

The cheers broke out afresh and with redoubled intensity. As the boat came nearer the men stepped out into the edge of the water, but, as it beached, the Secretary of the Navy suddenly stepped from the background, shouldered in front of the President, elbowed the Vice-President aside, brushed the others out of the way with his brawny arms and offered his hand to the fair castaway.

"As Secretary of the Navy," he said as she stepped daintily ashore, "I bid you welcome to Chicago Island!"

The young woman mechanically slipped a half-munched ship's biscuit into the bosom of her dress as she looked up at the speaker, then smiled slowly around at the others. The assembled citizens suddenly noted a fact that had entirely escaped their attention up to this time. The Secretary of the Navy was taller, stronger and handsomer than any of them! After a brief inspection of the others the new citizen of the republic slightly, but very perceptibly, snuggled up closer to him.

XV

THREE months afterward, when the good ship Orient stopped at this out-of-the-way point to repair a slightly damaged rudder, the republic had ceased to exist and Chicago Island was governed by a king and queen. The king had formerly been Secretary of the Navy. Slavery flourished in the person of poor Thomas Jefferson Jackson, but the Spirit of Liberty still lived, for Silas Gregg and the goat had established a republic of their own on the extreme point of the island.

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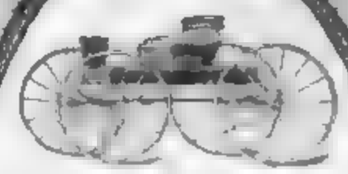

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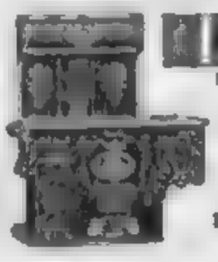

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"Having always been a great reader I frequently while at school missed my meals that I might devote the time to a favorite book, or else I hurried through the meal. This irregularity, omission and hurrying, together with the close application to study, finally told on my health until I was forced to leave school. I must have been in a truly pitiable condition from what my friends have since told me, although at the time I am sure I did not half realize the seriousness of my case. My parents decided to send me on a trip to Southern California.

"On the train I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Weissenger, a wholesale grocer of Chicago, who was interested in my case. He heard my story and advised me to try Grape-Nuts, a food greatly relished by his own family. From what he told me of the food I longed to try it, but I did not expect to find it beyond the Rocky Mountains. To my surprise on arriving at Los Angeles I noticed a box of Grape-Nuts on my aunt's sideboard. That marked the beginning of my health and comfort. Since then I have come to look upon the food Grape-Nuts as a synonym for good health and happiness." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A STORY OF WARD POLITICS—Which seems to show that one man against the crowd stands no chance.

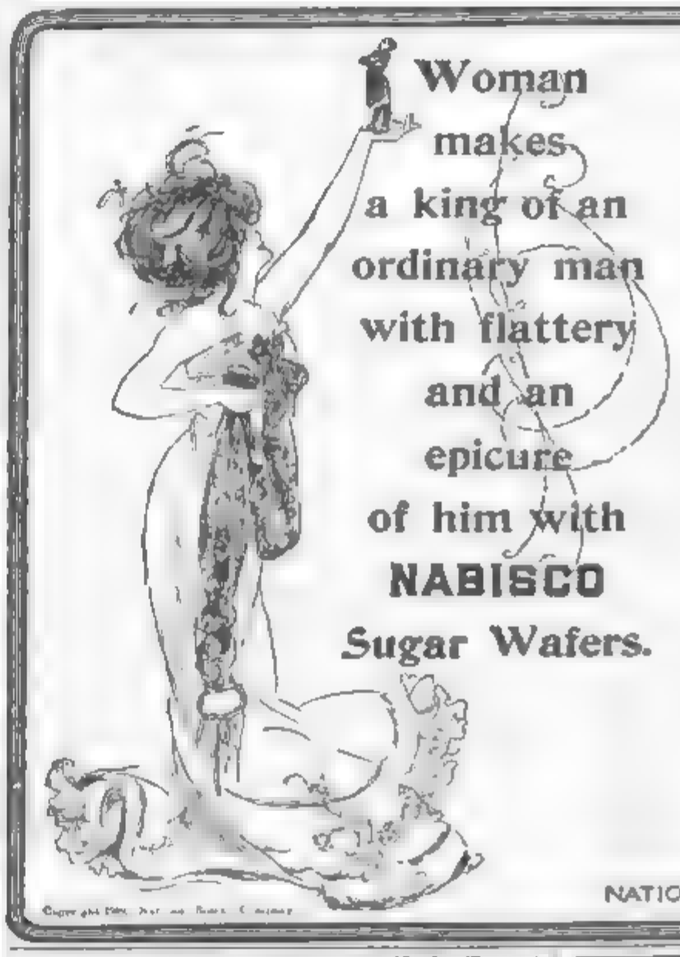
¶ To draw a moral from a story is often to do an offensive thing, and oftener to do a stupid one. The artist is perpetually astonished and delighted—or vexed—to find his words or his brush-marks telling secrets he never knew, but it is part of the privilege of beauty to be all things to all men and to no two men the same. However convinced a man may be of the truth, it will not be the truth as he knows it that he imparts to his listener or his disciple. So with the moral—it may be the last thing the unfortunate author had in mind, but a moral of some sort there will always be while there is a reader left to extort it.

The moral of The Spoilsmen, a political story by Elliott Flower, seems to be: "Keep out of politics; it's a bad business for an honest man." Both the honest men in the book who try their hands at it get the worst of the bargain. Mason, who is a small hardware merchant with a decent business and a host of friends, is persuaded to run for alderman. He wins his campaign and comes out of his term with a clean record; but his business is ruined and his friends in the ward detest him almost to a man. That he finally got a good berth with a large wholesale house is in no sense a logical deduction from his political experience—in politics he is a failure—but rather a tribute to his strict honesty and painstaking care in details—qualities which were not wanted in politics. Darnell, the other honest man, and alderman from a "silk-stocking" ward, loses his friends and wins the girl he is in love with, but, though his record is a good one, indorsed by his ward, his father makes it pretty clear to him in the last chapters that while Darnell Junior has been getting the experience Darnell Senior has been paying for it in heightened assessments and all the other petty worriments and expenses to which the machine can subject a taxpayer. "Municipal politics," he concludes, "is even dirtier than I thought. If they can't reach a man in one way, they'll get revenge in another. I believe—I've had all the political experience I want."

The action runs briskly with plenty of incident and resourcefulness—though the criticism is to be made that the story is treated rather as a vehicle for the author's knowledge of ward politics than a problem in itself, subject to its own laws of development—and Casey, the saloon-keeper, who must be a cousin of Mr. Dooley, enlivens the conversation with shrewd sarcasms.

HENRY JAMES—Is he perverse, or are we lazy, and what is one to make of his undoubted "difficulty"?

¶ It can hardly be said of Mr. Henry James that he has an audience in this country; rather one would call it a following. It seems to be taken for granted that Mr. James is a man of great talent and equal waywardness whom it is really too much bother to read. He has not waited on the public, and the public will not wait on him. But difficult as Mr. James often is, nothing can be more certain than that his difficulty is no mere inadvertence, no unsettled thought, no inadequacy of command over the medium he works in. On the contrary, his is not a muddy mind and he has something better than a style; he has style. In other words, he does with language what he wishes, and what one recognizes is not a trick of handling, an affectation of speech, but a quality of thought—in short, personality. Mr. James has been a keen student of the French masters of the short story; he appreciates to the full the value of French limpidity and precision, its sanity and common-sense, and its knack of putting its finger plump on the spot. This quality has been elsewhere remarked. "American style," said Richard Whiteing in a recent address in London, "with its extreme precision, with its highly cultivated sense of the value of the phrase, is anything but English. It aims at delicacy, and not at the rugged vigor of our best men. *Henry James is as un-English as he can be.*" Pages of his work—take, for example, passages in a story called Flickerbridge, one of



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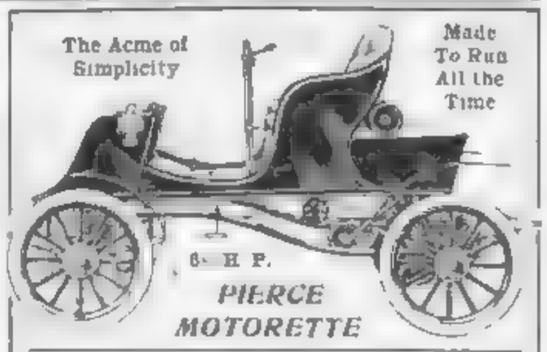

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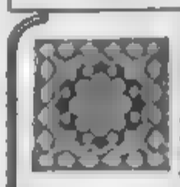

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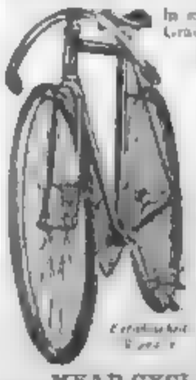

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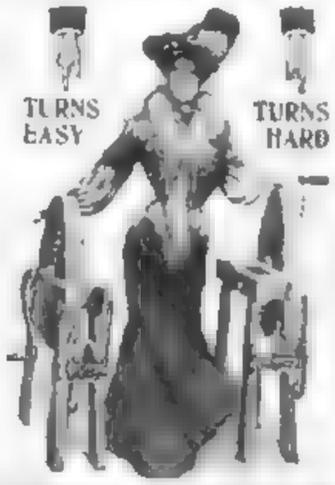

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those collected in his last volume, The Better Sort—run as smooth and as translucent as fair water. It is to be noticed too in his choice of words that he nowhere disdains the colloquial, the slangy even. His is never the effect of such a style as Stevenson's, rich with suggestion and memoried associations, a fretted frame of deeply colored glass through which the light comes changed and glorified; it is never oratorical nor lyrical; it is, as Mr. Whiteing says, precise—precise with a French delicacy; it goes wholly along with Maupassant's theory of the right word in the right place—not the poetic word, but the apt word

What, then, is one to make of his undoubted "difficulty"? Just this: that Mr James' "sense of life," as he calls it, is different from that of the plain tale. "Come with me into a drawing-room," says Mr James. "What do you get? A phrase here, a hint there, an allusion, a smile, a stare—a confession of things relevant and irrelevant from which you piece together an impression. And a conversation—what can be more indirect? How much you have to supplement what your friend tells you by what you know and what you can guess at! It is true that I am an artist, not a camera, and that the details, the hints, I give you are all indicative of the something we together, you and I, are building; but these hints, these details, you must work up yourself. I shall not give you a story ready made. You are to construct your own story, under my somewhat nebulous guidance, it is true, and at the end I shall show you, I shall somehow impress upon you the significance of our experience. That, too, you will have to divine out of your own sufficiency. I am not a preceptor, but, like you, an observer and a thinker."

Such a method takes much for granted in a world and in an age for the most part neither observant nor thoughtful of the things which interest Mr. James, but let us grant, once for all, that it is not the method of freakishness nor perversity, and that if we do not read Mr. James it is not because he is either stupid or willful, but because we are too busy or too tired

A BOOK OF TRAVELS—To countries the author has never seen—A whimsical twist to a familiar theme.

¶ "It isn't what the beggar said, but the nawsty way he said it!" was the complaint of the hero in the topical song, and it isn't so much what the writer sees as the quality of his eyes and the "way he says it" when he tells you about it that makes the book. There will soon be brought out a little book of essays by Bernard G Richards which gives a quaint twist to a time-worn theme We have had books of travel and comment before—and in sufficient numbers. Heaven knows!—but never a book of travels *In Countries I Have Never Seen* Mr. Richards has hit on the whimsical idea that the man who visits the country in person is the last man really to learn to know it He quarrels with the customs official, his cabman cheats him, or his landlady skimps the fare and fattens the bill, and presto! the face of the country will never be the same to him

Could anything be fresher, more wilfully, perversely true? For instance: Paris, to Mr Richards, is a city where all the manual labor is done by realistic novelists in search of "experience"—and France a country where nobody but the peasants in Millet's paintings ever works; China is one huge steaming laundry—so it goes. The fact is always familiar—like the eternal love story—the charm is in the way it is seen Did not Charles Lamb make a poem out of roast pig?

SHALL WE LEARN GAELIC?—Miss Eleanor Hoyt advances an argument that will appeal to many perturbed spirits.

¶ Miss Eleanor Hoyt, the author of The Misdemeanors of Miss Nancy, has had a bad winter with that arch fiend the grippe, which, for an importation from "effete" Europe, seems to be a remarkably long winded, able-bodied critter. She had no sooner made her first convalescence than she was overtaken, at the end of a week's work, with an attack even more severe than the first, which left her eyes in such bad shape that she has been obliged to postpone much promised literary work

Exasperated, she avers, is hardly the word for it

"I'm reminded," she says, "of the old Scotchman whom I met in Inverness and who solemnly urged me to learn Gaelic

"'It's the glorious language for love making, Miss, and sweering; ye get such a gr-r-ip o' the worrds.'"

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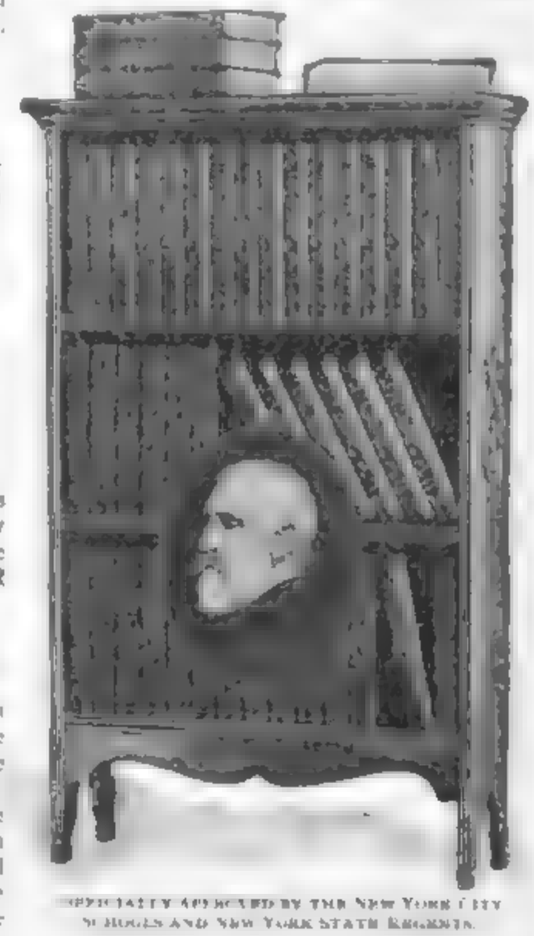

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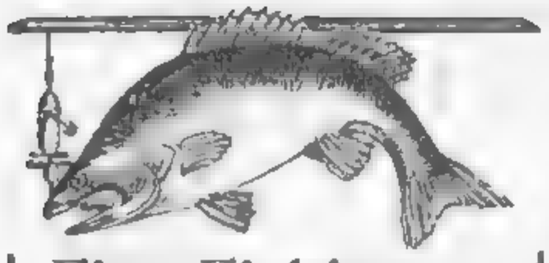

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

HOW THE WORLD WILL END—Probably not within the week, but none the less surely, and by drying up, or by floods.

PROFESSOR W. H. HOLMES, Director of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, suggests two ways in which the world is more or less likely to wind up.

The waters on the surface of the globe, which already have been largely absorbed into the earth's crust, may sink deeper and deeper as the cooling of the interior goes on, until the outside is a desiccated desert, unfit for man or beast.

Or the waters may continue to act as they act to-day upon the land, cutting down the hills and mountains little by little, but nevertheless surely, until all the land is borne to the sea save such artificial continents as man himself may raise.

As between these two possibilities, the former would seem to be more likely. Professor W. J. McGee says that the globe is certainly cooling and drying, much of the water being converted into solids. For example, plants consume water and convert them into solid compounds (plant tissues); but, when the plants decompose, they do not become water again.

Water is being steadily absorbed into the crust of the earth, and, owing to the progressive drying, the continents are getting bigger. On the other hand, we are learning how to utilize the available water more effectively, and some day we shall find out how to manufacture water by the electrolytic decomposition of minerals. Water is extracted every day from minerals in laboratories, and it is only a question of time, says Professor McGee, when the water for cities will be artificially made.

Though the globe is cooling, we are learning how to economize solar heat. We counterfeit the climatic conditions of the tropics by growing plants under glass, and by the use of glass we multiply the effect of the sun's rays. Where now we have hundreds of acres under glass in this country we shall have many square miles a century hence.

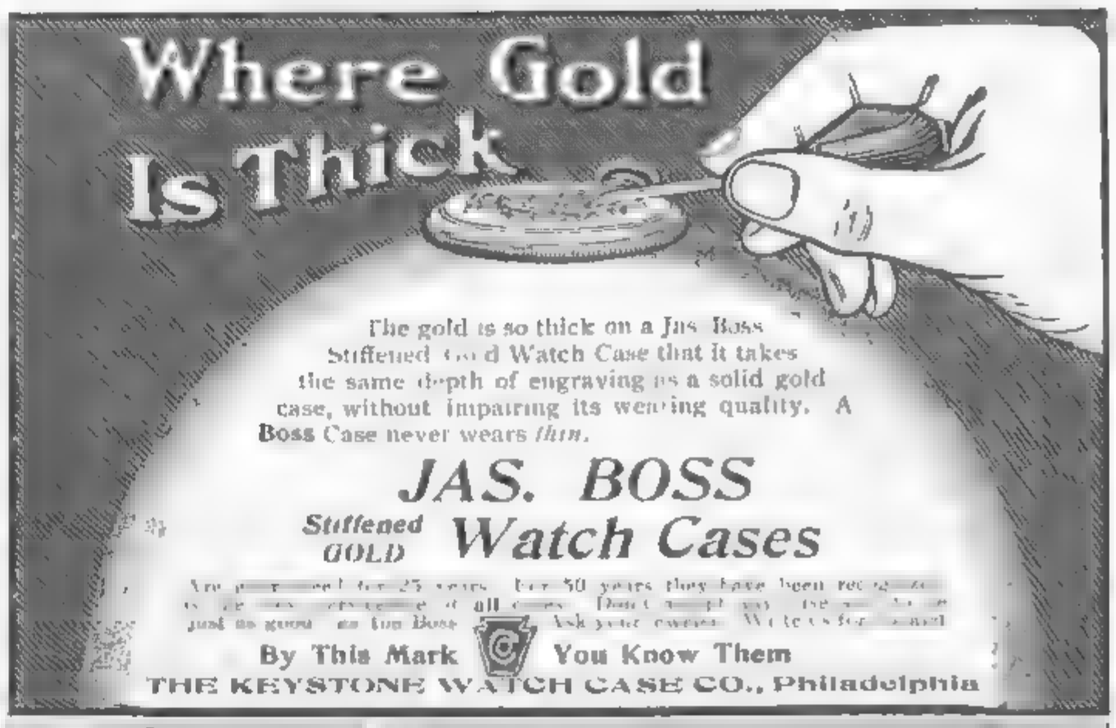
Thus does human ingenuity bid defiance to the cooling and drying processes that are going on. Nevertheless, as Professor Holmes remarks, there is nothing surer than that there will come an end to the races that now are, to mankind as a whole, and to the works he accomplishes. It is only a question of the extent to which this or another result is destined to be accomplished.

THE PAMPERED SARDINE—He promises to be soon eating American dainties—Some wonder who he really is.

UNIQUE in the American commercial invasion of Europe is the shipping of New England bait to capture sardines on the coast of Brittany.

That French sardines are unexcelled is admitted, but it is confidently predicted that American cod roe is destined to play a pre-eminent part in the famous fisheries of France. Along the Atlantic Coast from New Jersey northward the preparation of sardine bait from the eggs of the cod is entirely feasible, and promises very substantial increase to the revenues of cod fisheries. Moreover, America has awakened to the fact that inasmuch as cod eggs are an artificial food, they are not the only lure for sardines, and that the roe of the haddock, hake, pollock, cusk and other gadoid fishes yield a suitable bait. In fact, it is believed that all fish eggs not over one sixteenth of an inch in diameter may ultimately be utilized.

For two hundred years Norwegian cod roe has monopolized this trade. The preference given the product from Norway has been due not so much to a superior quality of roe as to greater care in packing. American cod fishermen several years ago sought to secure a foothold in the French fish market, but upon arriving in Brittany they found that all the barrels of pickle had lost a portion of the brine. As a result, when the frugal sardine fishermen of Brittany unpacked the bait they encountered layers of undissolved salt, and a prejudice spread against the American product. "Salt is not good bait for sardines," was the laconic explanation of a dealer at Concarneau when questioned as to the popularity of American cod roe. Gradually, however, the product from the United States has been gaining headway, and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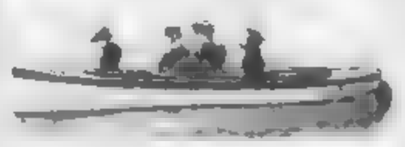

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The girls are to compete in the preparation of good, everyday dishes and in general cookery. Probably Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee will come in for some attention incidentally, but the tests will be conducted under the daily direction of the housewife and 735 cooks will win varying cash prizes from $200.00 down to $5.00. No one is required to pay anything whatever to enter this contest and each winner will receive a large certificate or diploma with the big Postum seal in gilt, a badge of distinction much to be sought after. Particulars can be had by addressing Cookery Dept. No. 419, of Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

now the United States Government has become interested and is prepared to give scientific suggestions and information to persons who wish to prepare bait for the [illegible] industry.

In making investigations in regard to the food of sardines the American ichthyologists took up the old question as to whether sardines are a distinct species. The term sardine is a general one, applied to various clupeoid fishes of small size in many parts of the world. California, the West Indies, Chili, India, Japan and New Zealand produce sardines. These are different varieties of fish, the California sardine being nearest akin to the French.

The latter, most of the scientists agree, is the young of the pilchard.

THE PNEUMATIC CHAMBERMAID — She raises no dust, never talks back, and never asks for a night out.

ONE of the most novel of current inventions gives promise of doing much toward solving the servant problem.

This new contrivance is, in reality, a mechanical servant, portable and readily managed, which removes every particle of dust from walls, furniture, carpets, tapestries, clothing and fabrics of any kind. With this device a woman delicately gowned could clean house without herself encountering any dust.

The cleaning is not effected by forcing air through a room. No dust is swirled about by the new process.

A portable engine, which may operate on the street or in the basement, is used to drive a powerful exhaust fan. From the exhaust box a hose, terminating in a nozzle of special design, runs to the dwelling or apartment where the housecleaning is to be done. At the tip of the nozzle and at right angles to it is screwed an attachment of brass or steel of any desired width, containing an aperture one-sixteenth of an inch across. To begin housecleaning the operator first turns a faucet which opens a valve and enables the vacuum below to draw air at a very rapid rate through the mouth of the nozzle terminal. By means of a long handle this metallic mouth, whose edges are round and smooth, is readily moved over any surface, whereupon a very strong suction causes every bit of dust in the path of the movement to pass through the nozzle and thence into the tube.

The dust is then drawn downward, and by a physical process is detached from the air and falls into a receptacle prepared for its lodgment.

The passing of the device once over a carpet cleans it far more effectively than a persistent beating. In the operation of the invention no dust is stirred about the room, so that but for a whirring noise caused by the inrush of air, and the exceedingly dustless area in the wake of the contrivance, there is nothing to indicate that housecleaning is in progress.

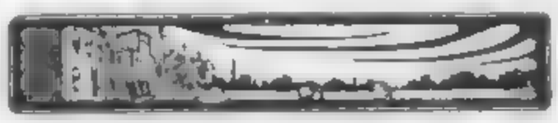
At first the cost of the housecleaning plant will limit its introduction as a fixed institution in small homes. As a permanent proposition it is designed particularly for [illegible] residences, hotels and municipal and office buildings. That all classes, however, may enjoy the advantages of the system, arrangements will be made to mount the engines on automobiles and take them from street to street, sending up the connecting hose, and also an operator, if requested, to the flat or residence of any one desiring pneumatic housecleaning.

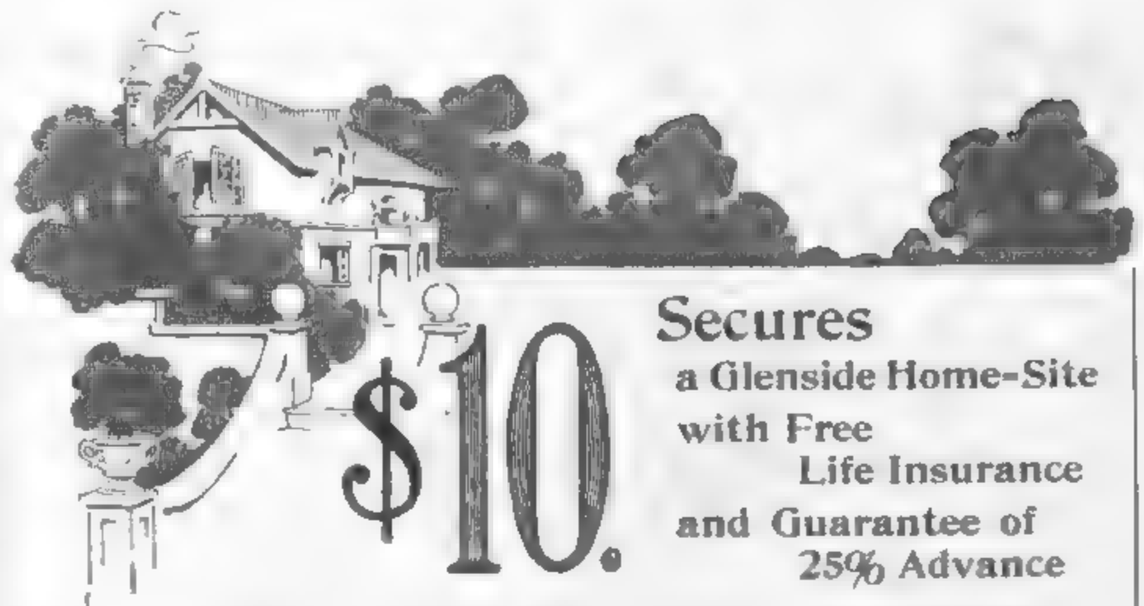
Or, if the demand for the mechanical servant warrants it, large engines will be constructed permanently in various sections of the city and rubber tubes will radiate therefrom to all houses within a given radius.

Various sizes of nozzle mouths are used. One is designed to be moved over the clothes a person is wearing. Not a vestige of dust is left behind. Through the small nozzle tip adapted for this purpose forty-two cubic inches of air are drawn every minute.

The process not only cleans a garment but freshens it, giving it the appearance of having been newly sponged and pressed.

The hygienic virtues as well as the noiselessness and the efficiency of the pneumatic chambermaid appeal to those who have witnessed experimental operations. Germ-laden dust has no chance when operated upon by this process to move about and thus spread contagion.





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But they choose their investments carefully; and, when they have made up their minds what is good, they **do it right away.**

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This beautiful country—the most beautiful around Philadelphia—we marked a few years ago for the greatest coming suburb of Philadelphia, and indeed, in the world. Land all around it was high, and still is high; but Glenside consisted of two large estates, that could not be bought in part. They could, however, be bought as a whole at a very low price, and this we did. We spent $900,000 improving this property—perfect macadam roads, monolithic side-walks, perfect drainage, pure water, gas, electricity, trees, shrubs, gradings and have made Glenside more than beautiful country, more than beautiful park—a perfect suburb. Hundreds of houses have sprung up on the land that, but three years ago, had only two houses.

If land was worth one price before we began, it is worth four prices now; but we don't ask you to pay what the lots are worth.

Remember that we got this land for a great deal less than it is worth, and the present price of the lots is our cost plus the cost of improvements, plus a reasonable profit for our risk and our expert knowledge.

We are the largest real estate operators in or about Philadelphia. We have opened seventy-four different properties in this very region, and have been uniformly successful. Any Philadelphia business man can tell you about us—whether we keep our word and whether we know our business.

$10 secures one of the three hundred lots set aside for the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The prices of lots are $200 to $1700. They are worth already a great deal more. On March 14th, a rainy Saturday, we sold $14,000 worth. On March 21st, another rainy Saturday, we sold $20,000 worth—to Philadelphia people, who know Philadelphia, and Glenside, and W. T. B. Roberts & Son. These sales were made in sections adjoining the 300 lots offered THE POST readers. Only a small proportion of the 300 lots remain unsold.

Write To-day

Send us $10 if you want to be sure of a lot. Write us anyway and let us send you all the information, that you may judge for yourself. The above is, of course, not the whole story.

Upon Receipt of $10.00

we will reserve you one of these lots and send you a marked plan showing its location. We shall pick out for you the best unsold lot; but if, for any reason, you desire any other, we are glad to make the change. If you come to Glenside we will pay a proportionate part of your expenses, according to the size of your investment.

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Mr. William L. Elkins, the famous financier.
Mr. William R. Nicholson, President of the Land Title and Trust Co., Philadelphia.

These gentlemen have kindly consented to answer any question in regard to Glenside or its owner. Mr. Widener and Mr. Elkins, and also Hon. John Wanamaker, the merchant-prince, have magnificent homes in the immediate locality, and besides this, are large owners of real estate in the neighborhood. You may also refer to any reputable financial agency in Philadelphia.

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 3)

women brought back to him something of his lost love. He knew she had never married, but all else concerning her was a blank to him. He was consumed with a desire to ask Crane something about her—all about her—but he had noted instantly that in Crane's eye and voice was a manner which revealed a dangerous interest in Constance Maitland, and so Thorndyke was held back and urged forward to speak of her.

The band passed on, the street once more grew quiet, and Crane returned to his seat. Thorndyke smoked savagely to keep from mentioning Constance Maitland's name. Crane did likewise, but having less self-control than Thorndyke he could not but hark back to the ticklish subject.

"So you say you knew Miss Maitland?"

"Yes. A long time ago."

"She's very old-fashioned—enough so to stay out of society when she is wearing mourning. She's been in mourning for her uncle by marriage ever since she's been in Washington—six months. The exclusives don't stay in mourning more than six months for husbands, wives or children. Parents and aunts and uncles don't count."

"The exclusives don't have any aunts and uncles," Thorndyke put in shortly. "They have nieces and nephews who are presentable after they have been washed and combed—but they can't go back as far as uncles and aunts."

"So they can't. Their uncles and aunts are just like *my* uncles and aunts. Well, I gather that the old Count for whom Miss Maitland has worn mourning wasn't a bad old party—better, perhaps, than his American wife."

"He was," said Thorndyke.

Crane looked at him suspiciously and then kept on.

"Miss Maitland is going out this spring. She says I'm quite right in thinking there is a delightful society attainable here in Washington, but she's so pleased to be back in her own country that she praises everything right and left. To see her flow of spirits you would think her the happiest woman in the world. Yet she told me once that she wasn't really happy."

"All women tell you that before you get through with them," growled Thorndyke.

"Annette never has," said Crane, rising and throwing away his cigar. "Some time, if you wish to call on Miss Maitland, I'll take you round."

Thorndyke restrained the temptation to brain Crane with the carafe on the table by him, partly out of regard for himself, partly out of regard to Crane.

"And as for my streak of luck, as you call it," Crane continued, "I intend to devote all my powers to my work, so that no matter what other committee makes a fool of itself, the Committee on Foreign Relations won't—at least through its chairman," Crane continued.

"It's easy enough to steer that committee when everything is peaceful," answered Thorndyke, meaning to take the new chairman down a peg. "And it's a great deal easier when we get into a continental mess as we are now. Wait until you get on the Ways and Means, or Committee on Elections, or Banking and Currency, if you want to have a little Gehenna of your own on earth. Good-night."

Thorndyke sat up smoking until after two o'clock. His thoughts were not concerned with Crane's political future, nor with his own either, nor with the continental mess. He was thinking about that dead and gone time, and how far away it was; the moderns did not make love through the medium of sentimental songs to the guitar and to stanzas from Childe Harold. They preferred ragtime on the mandolin, and the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám; and they no longer seemed to fall in love in the painful and whole-souled manner which had befallen him; and then he wandered off into thinking how a man's will could go so far and no farther, and how he should feel when he saw Constance Maitland, as he must eventually, and how she would look and speak. He concluded, before he went to bed, that he had experienced that unlucky accident, the breaking of heart, which would not mend, do what he could; for he was one of those rare and unfortunate men who can love but once.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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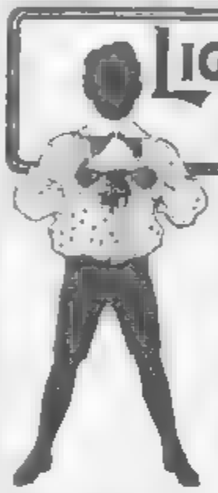

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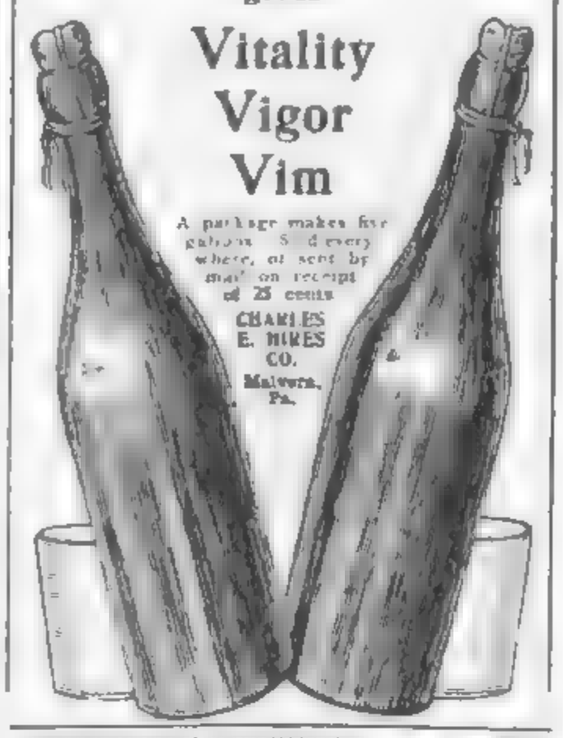

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A Ballade of the Girl from Jersey City

By Carolyn Wells

Of many maidens men have sung,
  Full oft their trumpets blare,
For Philadelphia maidens young—
  New York girls debonnaire;
  But, though the Boston girl is rare,
The Southern girl is pretty;
  Of one none seems to be aware—
The Girl from Jersey City.

Though she may have a clever tongue,
  Dark eyes and golden hair,
Praise from the poets can't be rung—
  They neither know nor care
  Whether her name's Claudine or Clare,
Whether she's dull or witty,
  Whether she's robust, slim or spare—
The Girl from Jersey City.

From noble lines she may have sprung:
  To large estates be heir;
To fine traditions may have clung,
  And a great name may bear;
  Yet none to her his faith will swear,
None praise in song or ditty;
  No one is brave enough to dare
The Girl from Jersey City.

L'Envoi

Muses, it's none of my affair,
  And yet it seems a pity
To see her pining lonely there—
  The Girl from Jersey City.

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2nd March 1903.

Mr. N. V. Goodrich,

South Hanover, Mass.

Dear Mr. Goodrich:-

Not a small part of the pleasure derived from our recent trip to the Majestic Mines, Utah, is the friendships which we formed with the several members of our party. I am a great believer in the educational results produced by a trip abroad, that is--away from one's home locality, either in our own country or across the water. That which we see with our own eyes, and that which we hear by rubbing elbows with our fellows, always makes a lasting impression.

There were many episodes of our trip which we may recall with pleasure, but the solid satisfaction comes from the information and knowledge which it afforded along the lines of mining industry.

The three important requisites to the success of such a proposition as the Majestic, have been made very apparent to us, namely:-

(1) Ore in substantial quantity and quality.
(2) The necessary facilities for its conversion into a saleable product, having a market value.
(3) A management, at once honest and capable, having the welfare of all its stockholders at heart.

To me it is a source of pleasing gratification that the very excellent showing of Majestic proposition makes clear to my mind these requisites as indispensably necessary, while at the same time meeting each one fully and completely.

As to the first--our visit to the Vicksburg, Old Hickory and O. K., not to speak of the other mines, was a convincing argument. In regard to the facilities for conversion of this mountain ore into ready cash, the progress already made toward smeltering, and the adaptation of general situation of things easy and least expensive means and appliances necessary, meets this requirement.

Lastly, but yet vastly important, comes the question of efficient management guaranteed to turn a deaf ear to all scheming, and making the welfare of the stockholders its first and only consideration. In this last respect, I am glad to note that the present and so far as can see the future outlook for the Majestic is all that could be desired. After persistent and diligent inquiry made touching the good name and reputation of each and every of the officers and directors of Majestic, I have yet to hear the first word casting the shadow of a doubt upon the fitness of any of them.

And now, Mr. Goodrich, I have written to you at greater length than I intended, but the truth is that I have seen and heard so much of Majestic proposition that I feel in my bones it should and will succeed. However, notwithstanding my enthusiasm in this regard, on my own account, I have not lost the feeling of responsibility which one assumes in presenting an enterprise, however good it may appear, to others. At one time I felt that while I might risk an investment on my own account, I could not think of presenting it to a friend or client. The lines of investment to which I have been accustomed in the last quarter of a century have not been of this character. But I have overcome this feeling somewhat. The facts which have come to me have so thoroughly assured me that this is an investment pure and simple, with a most promising future, and the element of risk well nigh eliminated, that I have felt constrained to present the facts to certain friends, leaving them to determine from these facts, and without advice from me, whether or not they should go into it.

Thus far I have so presented the proposition to three friends, with the result that each one of them has expressed a desire to make the investment. As an earnest of my good intentions, I am trebling my holdings.

I trust you arrived home in good condition and that you are now enjoying the benefits of the trip in an increased measure of physical and mental vigor.

Very truly yours,

Dic. J. W. A.

John W. Alexander

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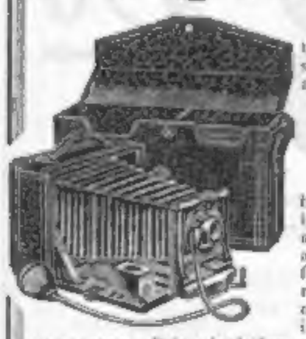


The only camera on the market having swing back that is sold at so low a price.

$5.50

Leather covering, beautiful mahogany finish, swing back, rising and falling front, rack and pinion, ground glass focusing screen, rapid rectilinear lens, automatic shutter for time, instantaneous and bulb exposures. Price includes camera complete, with lens shutter, double plate holder and carrying case with handle. Order No. K666. For 4x5 Pictures, $5.50; For 5x7 Pictures, $7.50.

Photographic Supplies at Wholesale Prices

SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE KL

Here are a few quotations:

Developing and Printing Outfits	$ .50 up
Printing Frames	.08 up
Guaranteed Toning Trays	.08 up
Developing and Toning Powders	.10 up
All Chemicals at Lowest Prices.	
Printing Papers, all styles and sizes, per dozen	.09 up
Card Mounts	.04 up
Stereoscopes, all grades and styles	.20 up
Stereoscopic Views, different subjects	.05 up
Opera, Field and Spy Glasses	1.75 up
Telephones, with complete fittings	10.50 up
Magic Lanterns, (M. W. & Co's. Home Circle)	14.00 up

Also complete assortment of plain and colored Lantern Slides, Stereopticons, Kinetoscopes, Phonographs and all accessories and appliances, Electrical Apparatus and Devices of every description, etc.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Michigan Ave., Madison & Washington Sts., CHICAGO

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50)

superior quality, style and durability. Our entire output of two enormous factories sold direct to consumers only.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, guarantee everything we sell and ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our catalogue and special inducement. It will interest you.

UNION BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

TAUGHT

OPTICS BY MAIL

Write today for our free book and learn how to test eyes and fit glasses scientifically. We teach you by correspondence and furnish you optical goods as you need them at lowest wholesale prices, on which you make large profit. Diploma awarded when proficient. A splendid income easily earned. We can refer you to hundreds of pleased graduates who are making fine incomes—some at home, some traveling. Business adapted to both sexes. Take the first step toward independence by writing us today.

JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE

(*Chartered*)

Dept. P 18, Jackson, Mich.

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp	$10.00
Telephone, complete, $2.00 and	5.95
Electric Door Bells	.30
Electric Carriage Lamps	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	2.00
$3.00 Batteries	3.95
Telegraph Outfits	1.25
Battery Motors	$1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	2.00
Electric Railway	3.50
Pocket Flash Lights	1.50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00

Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

If we would have the gentle spring
A buoyant "Neat-to-Wing"-time,
We should attach new rubber heels
That give us spring in Spring-time.

O'Sullivan Rubber Heels are now described as the missing link between wings and shoes. Their buoyancy is due to the elasticity of new rubber. 35 cents, and small sum for attaching. Buy of your dealer, or

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

The Awakening of George Raymond

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

He read and re-read it until the type grew blurred. What did it mean? He asked himself that a thousand times. What did it mean? He sought his room and locked the door, striding up and down with agitation, the cablegram clenched in his hand. He was beside himself, triumphant, and yet in a fever of misgiving. Was it not perhaps a coincidence, not an answer to his own letter, but one of those extraordinary instances of what is called telepathy?

Her words would bear either interpretation. Possibly the whole family was returning with her. Possibly she had never seen his letter at all. Possibly it was following her back to America, unopened and undelivered.

"*Sailing by Touraine, arriving sixth.*" Was that an answer? Perhaps indeed it was. Perhaps it was a woman's way of saying yes; it might even be, in her surpassing kindness, that she was coming to break her refusal as gently as she might, too considerate of his feelings to write it baldly on paper. At least, amid all these doubts, it assured him of one thing, her regard; that he was not forgotten; that he had been mistaken in thinking himself ignored.

He spent the next eight days in a cruel and heart-breaking suspense. He could hardly eat or sleep. He grew thin, and started at a sound. He paid a dollar to have the Touraine's arrival telegraphed to the office; another dollar to have it telegraphed to the boarding-house; he was fearful that one or the other might miscarry, and repeatedly warned the landlady of a possible message for him in the middle of the night.

"It means a great deal to me," he said. "It means everything to me. I don't know what I'd do if I missed the Touraine!"

Of course he did not miss the Touraine. He was on the wharf hours before her coming. He exasperated every one with his questions. He was turned out of all kinds of barriers; he earned the distrust of the detectives; he became a marked man. He was certainly there for no good, that tall guy in the slouch hat, his lean hands fidgeting for a surreptitious pearl necklace or an innocent-looking umbrella full of diamonds—one who, in their language, was a geezer that would bear watching.

The steamer came alongside, and Raymond gazed up at the tier upon tier of faces. At length, with a catch at his heart, he caught sight of Miss Latimer, who smiled and waved her hand to him. He scanned her narrowly for an answer to his doubts; and these increased the more he gazed at her. It seemed a bad sign to see her so calm, so composed; worse still to behold her occasionally in animated conversation with some of her fellow-passengers. He thought her smiles had even a perfunctory friendliness, and he had to share them besides with others. It was plain she had never received his letter. No woman could bear herself like that who had received such a letter. Then, too, she appeared so handsome, so high-bred, so charming and noticeable a figure in the little company about her that Raymond felt a crushing sense of his own humbleness, and of the impassable void between them. How had he ever dared aspire to this beautiful woman!—and the thought of his effrontery took him by the throat.

He stood at the gangway as the passengers came off, an interminable throng, slow-moving, teetering on the slats, a gush of funneled humanity, hampered and hampering, with bags, hat-boxes, rolls of rugs, dressing-cases, golf-sticks and children. At last Miss Latimer was carried into the eddy, her maid behind her laden with her things, lost to view save by the bright feather in her traveling hat. The seconds were like hours as Raymond waited. He had a peep of her, smiling and patient, talking over her shoulder to a big Englishman behind her. Then, as the human stream brought her down, she stepped lightly on the wharf, turned to Raymond, and before he could so much as stammer out a word, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Did you really want me?" she said. And then, "You gave me but two hours to catch the old Touraine!"

(THE END)

Why Ad. Writing Builds Great Businesses

Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month through Mail Instruction.

By GEORGE H. POWELL

I AM going to say something to the business men readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST regarding the marvelous possibilities of the right sort of advertising, because of the great interest manifested in this modern science from coast to coast.

The recent article in this magazine by Paul Latzke, entitled "Freaks and Fortunes in Advertising," was a fairly correct statement of conditions, particularly that portion which drew the deduction that advertising is a much better investment than a gold mine.

Never were truer words written, and yet the business world has hardly begun to realize results which have been responsible for millions of dollars in profits and dividends through modern publicity.

One reads about some bright man who has made a fortune advertising a specialty, and the mental impression is that it was, after all, some lucky accident, or freak, that may not again occur in twenty years—all because natural conditions are not understood or comprehended.

We hear of a "schemer" who began advertising for mail orders and getting rich within a very short time—and again the average mind is prone to attribute success to some fortunate combination of circumstances, rather than to the proper cause.

A few years ago a man sent out by express to hundreds of fictitious names gold-plated watches, accompanied by bills at about $15.00 each, with credits averaging $5.00 each, giving the impression that this was cash payment. When notified later by the express agents that the goods remained uncalled for, each agent was told to allow any one to pay balance and receive the full receipted bill. Thousands of dollars were realized, simply because a good many agents possessed enough Yankee in their make-ups to induce them to grasp the "bargains."

While cases of this sort have been numerous in times past, yet advertising has reached a higher plane and more legitimate methods are now known to be not only the most profitable, but what is better—lasting. It is worthy of note that the very man who worked the express agents is to-day the head of one of America's greatest mail order houses doing an annual business reaching into millions. $500,000.00 is probably a small estimate of the money he has spent for advertising articles of highest merit at genuine bargain prices.

My success as a teacher of advertising is due in no small degree to my fortunate experience in business promotion, and while I teach the young man or woman the art of writing and originating catchy, snappy advertising, so he or she can earn from $100.00 to $500.00 a month, yet this is only a part of my present work.

As conditions exist to-day, with an ever-increasing demand for competent advertising writers, and with an unsupplied call from business men, especially in the smaller places, it is obvious that some provision must be made whereby these merchants and manufacturers can themselves acquire that skill now so essential for making every dollar spent for advertising count heavily. Competition demands better methods, better advertising ideas and copy, and better—results. More than that, the unploughed advertising field is as boundless as the ocean, and proper instruction will enable any aggressive business man to create fortunes in new, as well as in the old, lines.

It matters not whether one wishes to create a demand among retail stores, or to secure trade direct by mail, my system of instruction has been proven the salvation of more than one business. Not only do I teach the art of preparing advertising, but by examination of each requirement I am able to recommend improvements that may be vital to the existence of the business, apart from the advertising itself.

The advertiser who has but a small amount of money to begin with usually finds my advice worth several times the cost of my course of instruction. To quote a well-known mail order advertiser, who has an established and profitable business in Far Rockaway, N. Y.: "The Powell System of Advertising Instruction was worth more than its cost in one letter of detailed advice, to say nothing about the splendid instructions in ad-writing."

Well might he thus value my help, since I told him a new way to secure thousands of agents throughout the country at least expense.

Of course, students who are not in business for themselves are given special plans for promotion, if they wish them, the object being to perfect the student and make him or her a skilful advertising manager and writer.

While clear-cut, original advertisements are a crying need, yet business methods which act in harmony are also vitally essential. A number of years ago I accomplished what was at the time considered impossible—the establishment of a proprietary medicine business, on a profit-making basis, within one month. With well matured plans and $500.00 cash for advertising I sold the retail drug trade of Rhode Island over $1,700.00 net in three weeks, the bills for advertising actually footing up less than $400.00, and this great success was repeated city by city throughout New England. And when I state that it was all done during the first Bryan presidential campaign, when jobbers bought as gingerly as possible, and at a time when supposedly wise advertisers were using small space, the achievement in question appears doubly impressive. And yet I was merely utilizing known principles, plus particularly good advertisements. The "wise" advertisers who were scared into small space, or none at all, will always have my profoundest gratitude.

I merely mention this latter case to illustrate the value of daring in advertising. To coldly analyze each proposition and then strike hard at the opportune moment is important.

To all business men, as well as to all young men and women, who wish to make larger incomes, I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new prospectus, the most interesting work of its kind ever published. Merely address me George H. Powell, 185 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

Through all the Crush with Perfect Ease

An accomplishment possible only in an automobile so simple and sensitive, in its control and steering mechanism, that it responds like a living thing to the driver's wishes. That automobile is the

Winton

Absolute control of the car is assured by the Winton method of motor government which is simplicity itself. A little spring button under the driver's right foot operates the air governor, which controls the speed of the motor. When the pressure upon this button is increased the motor speeds up and the car forges ahead. Release the pressure, the motor slows down and the car speed diminishes. You get any desired variation by the use of this throttle button. The method is so simple and effective that the driver increases or decreases speed of car without conscious effort. There is no automobile manufactured or sold in America which combines so many features of real excellence. The Winton is a practical result of long experience thoroughly tried out. It is of clever design, beautifully finished, and the entire correctness of our horizontal, double opposed cylinder motor is being demonstrated daily to the complete satisfaction of the very best mechanical minds.

The price of this superb 20 horse-power car complete with detachable tonneau, full brass side lamps, tools, etc., is **$2500.00.**

Visit any of our branch or agency depots and the features of Winton excellence will be demonstrated.

Showing car with detachable tonneau.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES:

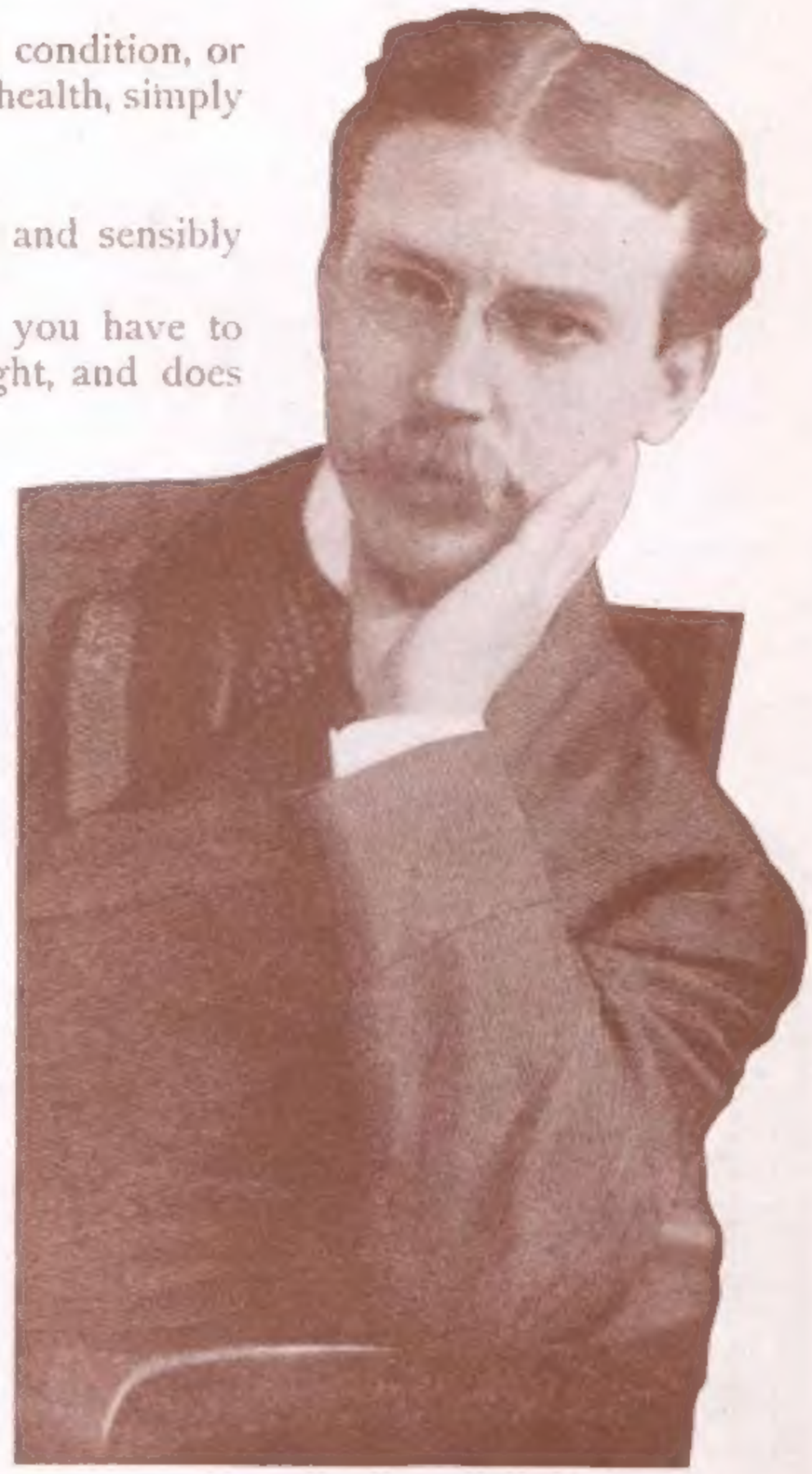
New York, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 150-152 E. 58th Street, Percy Owen, Manager.
Chicago, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 1400 Michigan Avenue, Chas. H. Tucker, Manager.
Philadelphia, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 246-248 No. Broad Street, A. E. Maltby, Manager.
Boston, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Berkley and Stanhope Streets, Harry Fosdick, Manager.
Cleveland, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Euclid Avenue and Huron Street, Chas. B. Shanks, Manager.

Albany, N. Y., Jas. Lucey, 167 North Pearl Street.
Baltimore, Md., Cook & Sweeney, 1118 Cathedral Street.
Binghamton, N. Y., R. W. Whipple & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., W. C. James Automobile Co., 873-875 Main Street.
Cincinnati, O., The Hanauer Automobile Co.
Columbus, O., Avery & Davis, 1299-1281 Franklin Avenue.
Dayton, O., Kiser & Co.
Denver, Colo., Colorado Automobile Co., 321 16th Street.
Derby, Conn., N. L. Biever.
Des Moines, Iowa, Hopkins-Sears Company.
Detroit, Mich., W. E. Metzger, 205-209 Jefferson Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Adams & Hart, 21 W. Bridge Street.
Hartford, Conn., Brown, Thomson & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind., Fisher Automobile Co., Cyclorama Place.
Keene, N. H., Wilkins Toy Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., The Locomobile Co., of the Pacific.
Louisville, Ky., Sinclair & Co., 328-330 W. Main Street.
Milwaukee, Wis., The Bates-Odenkett Automobile Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., A. C. Bennett, 24-26 Eighth Street, North.
New Haven, Conn., H. C. Holcomb, 105 Golfe Street.
Omaha, Neb., H. E. Fredrickson, 1502 Capitol Avenue.
Pittsburg, Pa., Seeley Manufacturing Co., East End.
Portland, Me., F. O. Bailey Carriage Co., 165 Middle Street.
Reading, Pa., Reading Automobile Co., 6 South Fifth Street.
Rochester, N. Y., Rochester Automobile Co., J. J. Mandery, Manager.
San Francisco, The Locomobile Co., of the Pacific.
Springfield, Mass., A. A. Geisel, 36 Dwight Street.
St. Louis, Halsey Automobile Co., 4259 Olive Street.
Syracuse, N. Y., Syracuse Automobile Co.
Toledo, O., Toledo Motor Carriage Co.
Toronto, Canada, Canada Cycle and Motor Co.
Troy, N. Y., Jas. Lucey, 359 Fulton Street.
Utica, N. Y., Miller-Mandy Motor Car Co.
Washington, D. C., Cook & Sweeney, Stanton Court.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY, Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

Freedom from sickness is not perfect health, as I understand it

I hate a liar. The man who has not the moral courage to face the truth about his physical and mental condition is just as repugnant to me as he who deliberately lies about his neighbor. Self deception is the worst form of falsehood.



This world is full of people who are afraid to examine into their real condition, or who are simply thoughtless and do not realize that they are not in perfect health, simply because they are not violently ill.

Take yourself, for instance.

Sit down and honestly face the facts of your real condition. Soberly and sensibly stop a moment and *think*. Are you as well as you might be?

Is your flesh firm and sound? Is your digestion perfect? Do you have to assist nature by recourse to salts and medicines? Are your eyes bright, and does your skin bear the rosy flush of perfect health? Are your nerves steady? Do you sleep well, and is your appetite that of healthy childhood? Is your blood pure and warm, and does each day's duty find you perfectly equipped for the fray?

These are only a few of the questions which you ought to ask yourself.

Comparative health is nothing more nor less than a mild form of illness.

I offer you superior health. I propose to aid you in securing that freedom from bodily ailments; that buoyancy of spirit; that bounding vitality which will banish worry and care and rob the exacting duties of life of their terrors.

I offer you strength and symmetry of body, grace and ease of carriage, and a strong, healthy brain and nervous system, unclouded by disease or weakness.

When I tell that my system replaces lassitude with energy, weakness with strength, stooped shoulders and a shuffling gait with dignity and ease of carriage; when I assert that my system gives sound, refreshing, dreamless sleep, reduces obesity and eradicates dyspepsia, and keeps every organ of your body up to nature's perfect standard, I am perfectly well aware that I am making big claims.

Measure me by my works, not by my words.

I offer the unprejudiced testimony, not of people so obscure that their word is valueless, but of men and women whose standing in the social and business world is such that they are above the breath of suspicion.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Illinois. Baltimore, February 11, 1903

DEAR SIR: Being fully aware that physical exercise is essential to the well being of man, I have at all times taken good care to exercise my muscles sufficiently well. The result of it is that now at the age of 57 years I can tire out many a companion of half my age either in walking or wheeling, that I can be in the saddle for half a day without inconvenience and that I am in good physical condition all around. It was, therefore, simply an experiment when I placed myself under your care, and indeed I looked rather skeptically at the results to follow, but having now faithfully carried out your instructions for three months, I unhesitatingly say that I never before derived so much benefit from any other kind of exercise requiring the same length of time. Indeed the great advantage of your exercise is that one derives more benefit from the thirty minutes devoted to it daily than by spending several hours on other kinds of exercise. I sincerely hope that you may meet with the success that you so fully deserve.

Yours very truly, (Signed) W. SIMON, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore.

My system is as elastic as human need. I have no set rules — no ironclad methods of procedure. My instruction to you will be measured and guided by your necessity. It will be just as individual as though you were my only pupil.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 603 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.